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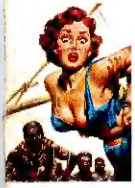

THE SAVAGE KILLER WHO PLOTTED A NIGHT OF MASS-MURDER

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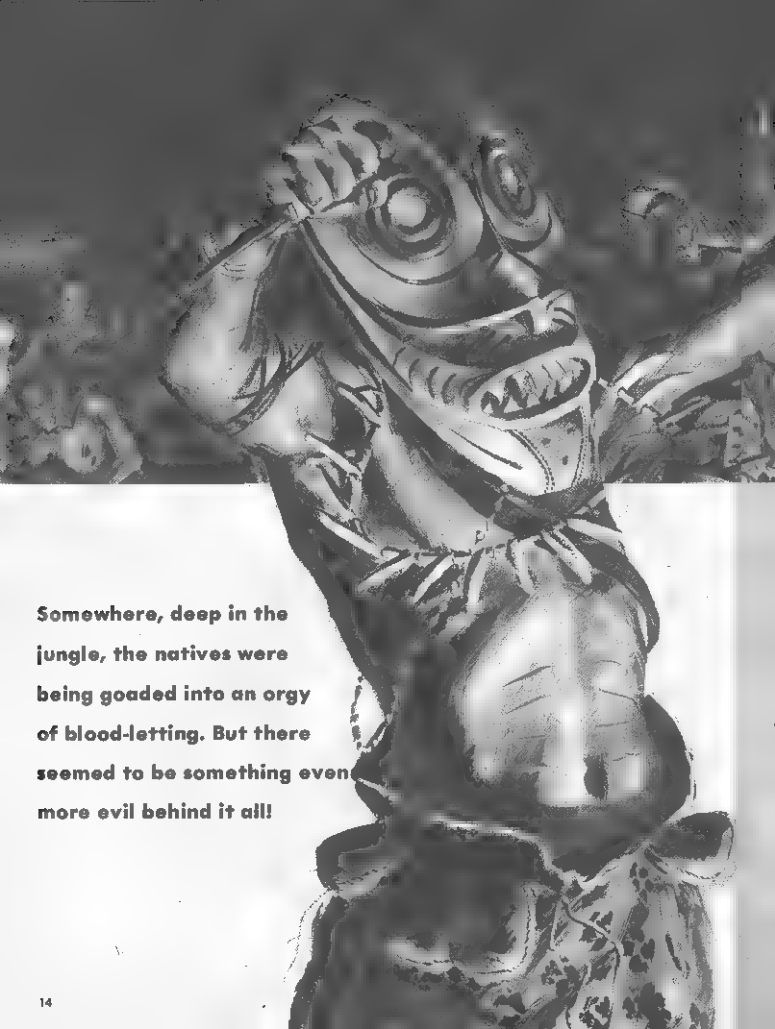
THE BEST OF MAN'S BEST

down to the buff

Buffie is an outdoor girl at heart, a devotee of a smooth, even sun tan. On her it looks good, especially with her 37-24-36 figure!



Somewhere, deep in the jungle, the natives were being goaded into an orgy of blood-letting. But there seemed to be something even more evil behind it all!

THE SAVAGE KILLER WHO PLOTTED A NIGHT OF MASS MURDER

by ALAN GOODALL-SMITH

THE FIRST HUMAN corpse—partially-eaten by crocodiles—had turned up in the back-country Ogbomosho area in September, 1956. By August, 1957, the total had risen to 31. But until then, the victims had all been natives.

It was on August 21 that I received the message at my Lagos office—a white woman's body had been found. The remains indicated that she had been savagely attacked and badly mauled by a crocodile.

I left Lagos immediately with my assistant, Nigerian Territorial Police Sergeant David Crandon. We took the department's Auster monoplane and in less than two hours, were landing on the crude airstrip at Ogbomosho.

I had seen what a hungry croc could do to a human body many times before. But there was something different about the mangled cadaver in the native police office.

"It's not right," I told Crandon.

"I think I know what you mean," he replied. "It's horribly chewed up, but it doesn't ring true. . ."

The right arm was missing entirely—it had been bitten off at the shoulder. The left hand and leg were also gone. The face was an unrecognizable hash of raw meat, holes of empty eye sockets and a gore-caked opening where the nose had been. Great gouts of flesh had been torn from the buttocks and breasts.

"Check right away to see if any of the white women in this area are missing," I told Sgt. Crandon. There were only a score or two white females in Ogbomosho—it would be relatively easy to determine their whereabouts.

Already, a wild theory was teasing my imagination. Perhaps I'd been in Africa too long, but I suspected that the "accidents" weren't accidents at all—but ghastly, premeditated *murders*.

We'd been hearing rumors of strange doings inland—of warped native cults in *(Continued on page 16)*

KILLER

the jungle along the Niger and its tributaries

"Remember the leopard-men—and the lion-men?" I asked Crandon abruptly as we both headed out toward the main police office

He nodded and looked at me quizzically Of course he remembered them Any police officer who had served more than a year in Africa had heard of the "ritual" murders committed by blacks who dressed themselves in the skins of the big cats and sought out their victims by night They killed with razor-sharp steel talons, fashioned into exact replicas of leopard and lion claws

Incredibly, these natives believed they were actually turned into lions or leopards, after long drinking bouts and night-long exhortations by medicine-men and the high priests of their ritual murder cults.

Their beliefs are closely related to the "werewolf" legends of Europe. The belief that there are men who can change themselves into animals is a superstition which is found everywhere on earth

The last batch of "leopard men" had been executed in Lagos, the Nigerian capital, in September, 1946. Eighteen of them were hung in the public square after a lengthy trial in which it was conclusively proven that they murdered at least 35 persons!

Since that time, there had been no proven cases or even strong suspicions of ritual murder in Nigeria—at least not until the large numbers of mangled bodies began turning up.

"I THINK WE'VE got another cult on our hands," I said to Crandon "Actually, I'm sure of it a 'were-crocodile' cult this time, I'm afraid..."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Look at the woman's body. Can you imagine a full-grown croc hungry enough to attack a human being—and then not eating more of the flesh?"

"You're right, Inspector. It does look mighty funny

"It looks even funnier when you observe the teeth marks—carefully They're damned close to the real thing, but I'll bet that a lab check will show that they were never inflicted by a live crocodile's jaws. The cuts and slashes

show signs of having been made slowly—not with the crushing rapidity with which a croc's jaws snap shut!"

The Nigerian upcountry isn't quite London, but it's not nearly as primitive as some people might imagine. Within an hour, we'd determined that only one of the white women in the Ogbomosho area was not at home and known to be alive.

"Mrs. Mary Plaine She's the wife of Harry Plaine, the white hunter and trader," Crandon reported. "I talked to him on the phone and he says she intended visiting friends at Ibadan. She left for there yesterday afternoon in the family station wagon . . ."

"He'd better come around," I grunted.

When Plaine showed up I didn't waste any time. I led him into the room where the corpse lay under the tarpaulin.

I walked over to the stretcher, flicked back the canvas and watched Plaine's expression. He stared at the grisly bundle and staggered back, his face a mask of horror.

"Oh, God!" the white hunter groaned. "It's Mary. It's her hair—and her birthmark, there . . ."

We took him out and led him to a back cottage, then gave him some sleeping tablets and made him lie down.

An hour later, a native policeman reported finding the Plaine station wagon. It was abandoned at the side of the stream, some 500 yards from the spot where Mary Plaine's body had been found.

"It had been driven into a clump of trees, practically invisible until you were almost on top of it," Sgt. Crandon informed me.

"Any evident clues as to *why* it was there?"

"No—none."

"Then let's go out to Plaine's and look around," I suggested. We took one of the local constabulary's Landrovers and drove out to the hunter-trader's spread, outside Ogbomosho.

It wasn't until we drove through the gates leading to the large, comfortable house and its surrounding animal pens, that I sensed that something was wrong. Crandon noticed it at the same moment.

"Look at those blacks!" he exclaimed. "Did you notice the way they dodged and hid the moment we drove in?"

I nodded. "Turn around and go back to town," I ordered. "I think it'll be better for us if we pick up Plaine and have him along when we make the search. We don't have any evidence for a search warrant, and I have the feeling we'd better be all tidy and legal about this . . ."

PLAINE WAS NO longer at the constabulary compound. How he'd managed to shake off the effects of the sleeping pills was something I couldn't understand—but obviously he had.

It was getting dark. I looked at Crandon and saw my own doubts and suspicions mirrored in his face. We piled back into the Landrover and returned to his house as fast as we could.

"Drive right up to the door," I said. "We'll have ■■ take a chance and make a search."

The house was not only deserted, but showed signs of having been hastily ransacked. We checked the outbuildings. They, too, were deserted.

"Funny—damned funny," I observed.

Suddenly, from deep in the jungle, the steady beat of many drums began. Crandon and I stared at each other.

"Call the Constabulary," I ordered. "Have them send men—plenty of men, as soon as possible!"

The sergeant went into the house to use the telephone. He came out several minutes later.

The drums grew louder. They were tribal ritual drums—the drums of ju-ju. I drew my revolver and we headed through the jungle toward the sounds, stumbling forward on a barely discernible trail.

We'd walked about twenty minutes, when we suddenly saw bonfires flickering through the trees.

"Move quietly," I whispered.

We edged through the undergrowth—and found ourselves looking at a scene so savage and primordial that we gasped in sudden terror!

Great fires burned in the center of a large clearing. Around the flames nearly a hundred naked natives—male and female—danced and leaped, spurred and driven by the drums. At one end of the clearing stood a great black stone, surmounted by the carved wooden statue of a huge crocodile.

"Murder cult!" Crandon rasped. "And look—*there's Plaine!*"

I couldn't believe it. The white hunter stood with an aged tribal medicine man on the stone slab!

"He's gone native!" I hissed under my breath. "Good God! He's one of them!"

We had at least an hour to wait until reinforcements reached us. Until they arrived, there was little we could do—but watch. The blacks, worked into blood-hungry frenzy, would not be cowed by our pistols. They would overwhelm and kill us by sheer force of numbers.

The insane dancing continued. Whirling, jumping, spinning, the natives left the circle around the fire one by one. They went to the altar, where Plaine and the medicine man sprinkled them with something that looked for all the world like fresh blood. Then, Plaine ceremoniously handed each one a crocodile skin and a weird but deadly weapon—a set of crocodile jaws into which had been set razor-sharp steel "teeth."

WE STARED AT the ominous sight—unaware of the dark figures slipping through the jungle around us. Suddenly, both Crandon and I were seized, struck over the head and carried to the loamy floor of the jungle!

Stunned, I dropped my pistol. Crandon was able to get off one shot—then he was knocked unconscious. Moments later, we were dragged through the trees toward the clearing.

"Inspector—what a surprise!" Harry Plaine jeered, his voice like the hiss of a snake. He was stark naked, like the rest of them. "I was afraid that you might stumble on us, but the ceremony was set for tonight. I could not postpone it—*and this is your misfortune!*"

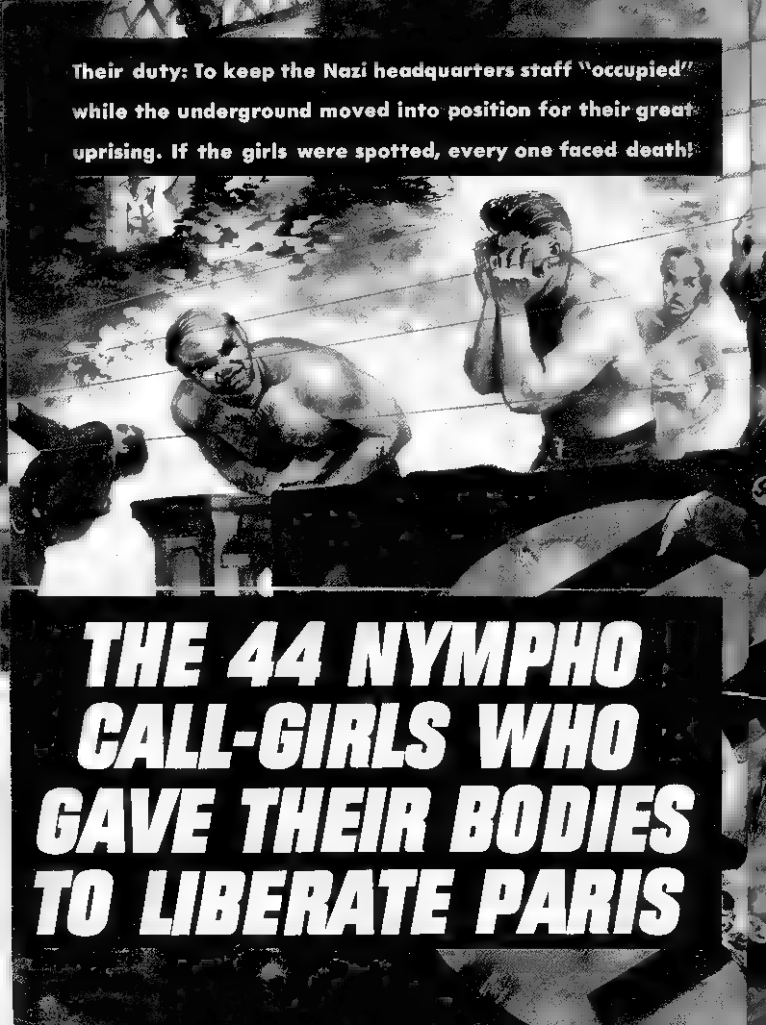
He ordered some of the blacks to tie us up. We were brutally prodded to a nearby tree and quickly lashed to it. Plaine, interrupting the ritual, strode over to us.

"You will die—the way the others have died!" he intoned in a shrill cackle—and I saw then that he was mad. "The crocodile god will drink your blood!"

He mumbled something, and a handsome young woman came out of the

(Continued on page 64)

Their duty: To keep the Nazi headquarters staff "occupied" while the underground moved into position for their great uprising. If the girls were spotted, every one faced death!



THE 44 NYMPHO CALL-GIRLS WHO GAVE THEIR BODIES TO LIBERATE PARIS

LACOSTE

Our in the Parisian suburb of Clichy, the windows of a large villa were blazing with lights. At the curb stood rows of German staff cars—their drivers lounging about, smoking, exchanging gossip. From inside the house came the sounds of wild feminine giggling, roars of drunken laughter, occasional screams, and glass was shattered. Cognac and whiskey flowed like water, as along the dining room table, a beautiful pneumatic blonde was bathed in the champagne. This was Gabriel Edward's biggest and most important party. It was the night of August 19, 1944. Precisely at eleven o'clock, inside the villa, a phone started ringing shrilly. It continued to ring until someone answered it. Immediately the noise of the party started to die away, and was replaced by hoarse shouts of anger, like a flood, from the windows and doors of the house.

(Continued on page 46)

■ *For more than eight months, Grete C—was a top "star" of the international "Blue" [illegible] syndicate. During that time, she participated [illegible] 28 film productions, ranging from one-reel stage movies, to full-length pornographic "spectaculars."*

In her interview, Grete emphasized the utter helplessness of the average girl caught in the syndicate's trap. "It's different," she kept repeating, "when you're part of it. It's not as simple as reading about it. These were real people. They're mean and murderous—they wouldn't stop at anything. . ."

Relying on simple psychology, the syndicate's recruitment technique sends a steady stream of young girls through the mill of degradation.

Here is Grete's story, [illegible] as she dictated it. Several editorial comments are interpolated in order to bring some of her remarks into sharper focus.

Raymond was so charming, so smooth, so convincing, I couldn't resist him. How could I guess that

When you read about it in cold print, you wonder, "How

"I WAS FORCED TO MAKE SEX FILMS"

this was just a "recruiting" act.

could I be so stupid."

But in real life, it's too easy!

by GRETE C----

● It's easy to say that I should have known better. Certainly I should have. But the point is that millions of girls are just as innocent as I was. Any one of them can find herself in the same sickening situation. That's the hellish part.

I'm neither excusing myself, nor attempting to defend myself. I'll just say what happened. Maybe other girls would have reacted differently. I hope so—though I'm cynical enough by this time to doubt it.

I was a green, innocent kid when I first decided to go to London. There wasn't much future for an ambitious girl in my home town of Macclesfield. I was determined to make a better life for myself than my parents had made for themselves. London was the obvious choice. Thousands of kids do the same thing every year, and the papers are full of their success stories.

I didn't do so well. The jobs that were available for an inexperienced youngster in London were no different than those I could have taken at home. Although I knew that I could always take one of those jobs to keep from going hungry, it looked as if I were doomed to an ordinary, unimportant life. But I didn't stop trying.

I had been in London about ten days and was down to my last few banknotes. I was standing in Piccadilly Circus, right in the heart of the city, trying to decide what to do next, when the stranger approached me.

I was a little frightened. I had never been "picked up" before and wasn't sure whether I should run, call the police, or just stand there. Yet, he was such a handsome, charming young man.

He walked over timidly, coughed, stammered, tipped his hat and finally said, "Pardon miss, I hope you won't think I'm being forward, but I couldn't help but notice that you seem to be lost."

"I'm . . . I'm quite all right, thank you," I answered. "I'm not lost at all."

He smiled, "I didn't mean lost—well, not exactly. It's that you looked as if you weren't sure what to do next—where your next meal was coming from—that sort of thing."

I had to smile. He was absolutely right—about what to do next, anyway. "I'm not broke. I'll be all right."

"Good," he replied heartily. "I'm glad. You see—well I'm a welfare agent. That is—well, it's my job to keep young girls like you out of trouble. So long as you're sure that you're all right. . . ."

I was quite relieved. He wasn't a "masher" at all. In fact, I was suddenly so at ease, that when after a minute or so he asked if I'd join him for dinner to "make up for any embarrassment," I agreed readily.

I was somewhat surprised that he took me to an expensive restaurant, but Raymond seemed so nice that I actually scolded myself for wondering about it.

Then, about an hour and a half later, he sprang his big surprise.

"You know," he said slowly, "I'm not a welfare worker at all. Actually, I'm a film talent scout. But I'd never tell that to a girl when I first meet her. You see, either she'd think I was lying or she'd be so impressed she'd start acting so unnatural that I'd never be able to judge her.

Film talent scout was only one of Raymond's touting lines. At various other times he was a ballet master, a TV producer, an airline executive, and others. Whatever he was, he had the gift of being convincing. Every girl's hopes were reflected in his promises.

I actually felt dizzy with excitement. After all, what girl doesn't dream about being "discovered"? Then, in a few short sentences, he at once cut me back down to size—and convinced me of his sincerity.

"Now listen," he continued. "You're attractive and vivacious. You have the makings of an actress, but I want you to know that I don't think you'll ever be a star. A starlet perhaps, or a supporting actress—but not a top star. At any rate, I think that you ought to be able to pull down a few hundred a week without too much trouble."

I was thrilled. It all seemed so legitimate. If he was just spouting words to

(Continued on page 52)

In spite of everything that the governments of Eire and Great Britain can do, the dream of one united Ireland refuses to die. And as fast as one "killer" is captured, there are always at least ten more, ready to take over.

I.R.A. ARMY OF TERROR

by JAMES HAUGHNESSY

THE WESTERN MAIL departed Belfast station at 6:[illegible] P.M. The train was late, but that wasn't too unusual. The engineer was confident that during the long run to Limerick, he'd have plenty of track to make up time.

It was close to midnight when the long, half-darkened line of cars passed Armagh station, less than ten miles from the border. The engineer was feeling almost contented, having already made up better than five minutes. And once the customs house was cleared, he'd have a long, uninterrupted run. He was hitting close to 70 MPH as he shot into the junction just north of Tynan.

CRASH!

With the sound of a hundred thunderclaps, the heavy engine shot more than twelve feet into the air. As it came down, amid the roar of suddenly-released steam and white-hot steel, the cars began telescoping like paper boxes!

For a moment there was almost silence. Cars lay everywhere, on their sides, upended, overturned. For hundred yards in all directions, shards of broken glass and jagged steel were mixed with gobbets of bloodstained bodies.

Then, like a funeral dirge, the wails and moans began. They seemed to come from everywhere, agonized screams that had no end. Two hundred and eighty-five men, women and children were calling hopelessly for aid. Twenty-three persons, including the engine crew, were silent. They were dead.

Already, the thin trail of flames was eating into the first of the baggage cars—the run carrying the Royal Mail.

Off in the shadows, perhaps fifty yards beyond the farthest line of wreckage, a dozen men stood, silently, watching the horrible scene before them.

"We'll have to hurry!" whispered one man, apparently the leader. "The fire's getting out of control. You there, John and you Patrick, get over there on the run. You know what to look for. Make it swift!"

The two men ran off. They forced their way into the burning mail car, rooted around for perhaps a minute and a half and then emerged swaying under large packages over their heads.

"All's well!"

"Tim—look there," came the whispered warning.

Up from the south, from the direction of Tynan town, came a pair of constables.

"Shoot man, shoot!" shouted the leader. "Don't waste time talking!"

A ragged volley roared out of the shelter of a small orchard. The two policemen sagged down beside the track.

The group didn't wait to see if they were dead or alive. Silently, they faded into the darkness. None of them were ever seen again—north of the border.

In the next two days Continued on page 10

After the train wreck, injured passengers lie on the ground, waiting for medical aid to arrive.

Police in riot are [illegible] hard to repress the [illegible] crowd [illegible] for Dublin.

cool, cool, kitten

Trina Castillo loves walking in the woods. One look at her, and we can see why. After all, a nice, cool bath can be mighty attractive!

cool, cool, kitten

Doll-like Trina Castillo stands a part 5' 1" high. But she packs solid wallop with her 34-20-34 figure!

It began as a wild lark But before the adventure had ended, her lover's blood stained the Pampas!

She Couldn't Say No To The Gaucho

by FERNANDO CORTEZ

"YOU ARE Fernando Herrera?" The voice from the darkness was firm and hard.

The man seated by the small fire wasn't at all startled by the voice. He'd heard the stranger some minutes earlier, as he approached across the pampas through the knee high grass. Crumbling *mate* with his strong brown hands, the seated man answered, "Quien sabe, Senor? Who knows? It depends on many things. On the state of the moon, the time of the season, and who wants to know."

"I am Don Filipe Llanos y Cortez, of Rancho Cortez."

"In that case, Senor, I am Fernando Herrera. Won't you join me at the fire?"

The tall bearded man in the grey riding costume stepped gingerly into the firelight and sat down across the fire from the wiry, hawk-faced gaucho. He watched as Herrera finished packing the crumpled *maté* into the silver bottle. Herrera dropped a pinch of sugar on top of the crushed herbs and took a tomato tin of boiling water from the fire with his glove. He poured the scalding water into the bottle and reached in his shirt pocket for a metal drinking straw. Taking a deep sip of the still boiling *yerbe maté*, the gaucho sighed and said, "Just right. You would like a sip, Senor?"

The older man looked at the young gaucho's single straw with distaste. "Another time, perhaps," he said. "Right now, I have come on most urgent business."

"Business! I do not understand.

(Continued on page 56)

The Arab girls were on the point of explosion. And when a French policeman demanded a payoff — all hell broke loose!

BLOOD WAS THE PAYOFF FOR A PROSTITUTE

by MARCEL GASCAR

"YOU CAN COME IN if you want to—" Aunt Hattie shrugged. "But none of the girls will have anything to do with you."

Aunt Hattie was an American who had come into the Algerian Casbah and set herself up in business over 30 years earlier. Her business was prostitution and she had cornered the best talent in all Algiers. Mostly her girls were half-breeds, Arab on one side, European on the other. Without exception they were soft-skinned, slim-bodied, yet with the generous hips and rounded breasts that made the establishment known throughout all Algeria and even as far as France. The main thing about Aunt Hattie's girls was their versatility, and their acceptance of every possible form of sex. No matter what a man wanted, he could enjoy it at Aunt Hattie's.

"Now wait a second," I replied when Aunt Hattie told me there'd be no sex today. "You know me. Marcel Gascar. I've been here dozens of times. I've never made trouble. Why will the girls have nothing to do with me?"

"Oh, you are a good enough customer," she said shrugging her shoulders again. "It has nothing to do with you personally. It's just that we are on strike."

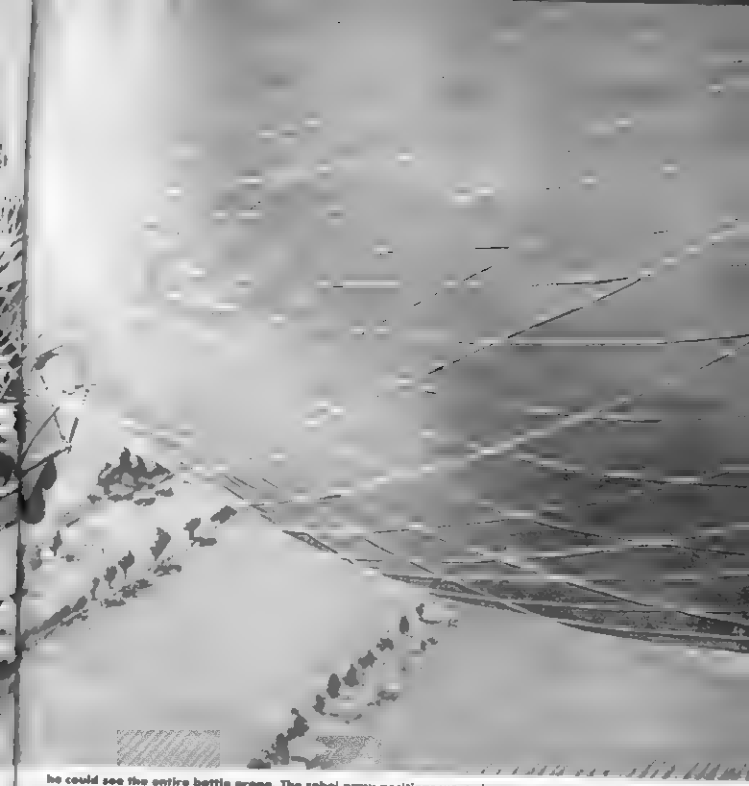
"If that is some sort of joke," I said, "I don't think it is too funny. I have been on fleet maneuvers for four months and if I do not have a woman soon, I will go *cafard*. Insane. Also, I have won 30,000 francs

(Continued on page 60)

As the bag filled, the balloon rose rapidly. As Lowe scanned the countryside

THE BALLOON THAT SAVED THE UNION

Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, at the personal request of Abe Lincoln, went on the first aerial reconnaissance mission in history!



he could see the entire battle arena. The rebel army positions were clear.

ALTHOUGH MILITARY historians still heatedly debate Lincoln's prowess as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army during the Civil War, there is one point on which all agree: Abe wasn't afraid to experiment with new-fangled methods of warfare. One important and happy result for both the Union Army and subsequent generations of American fighters was the establishment of the first U.S. Air Force.

by WILLIAM W. HASSLER

The young aeronaut who sold this idea to the harassed President was a mustachioed New Englander bearing the pretentious name of Professor Thaddeus Sobieski Constantine Lowe. Born and raised in a mountainous region of Vermont, Thad had demonstrated marked interest and ability in science—

THE BALLOON THAT SAVED THE UNION (CONTINUED)

especially studies of the atmosphere and wind currents. Once with youthful curiosity and ingenuity, he rigged up a huge kite to which he attached a heavy cart. Later, he sent the family cat aloft on aerial expeditions, with the cart as her airborne "cabin."

At the age of fifteen this tall, independent lad left home to shift for himself, walking a hundred miles overland to Portland, Maine. From there he took a boat to Boston, where he apprenticed himself for three years to a bootmaker. After this stint—which snuffed his interest in bootery with a vengeance—he received an invitation to assist a traveling magician, who featured acts involving chemical experiments.

This experience rekindled Lowe's interest in science, and he studied seriously during off hours. By the time he was twenty-two, he decided to devote himself to the budding science of aeronautics. Since aeronautical equipment was expensive, he took to the lecture circuit to obtain sufficient funds.

In the course of these appearances during the next four years, he also acquired the dignified title of "Professor," which was then loosely conferred upon all learned and seemingly learned figures.

By 1858 the Professor's fame enabled him to construct his first balloon, which he initiated at Ottawa, Canada as part of the celebration attending the laying of the trans-Atlantic cable. Lowe's successful ascension on this occasion was followed by numerous others. But the young aeronaut was not satisfied. To him, this was only the beginning.

During his many voyages, Lowe had noted that at higher altitudes his balloon invariably got caught in a prevailing westerly current, which swept him toward the Atlantic. He calculated that this current could sweep him across the ocean in three days in a large balloon he was designing. Aside from being a pioneering achievement which would enshrine him in science's Hall of Fame, Lowe envisioned the use of such voyages as a rapid means of intercontinental communication in the event of cable failures.

In 1859 Lowe contructed the *City of New York*, the largest space ship ever built up to that time, in which he planned to make his trans-Atlantic flight. The enormous balloon, made from 6,000 yards of twilled muslin, measured 200 feet in height, 130 feet in diameter, and had a lifting power of 22½ tons.

He named the six-passenger wicker car in honor of his lovely French wife, Leontine.

Lowe scheduled his momentous flight for the fall of 1859, but damage to the gargantuan envelope, coupled with inclement weather, forced a

postponement until the following year. Following a successful trial ascension in the summer of 1860, the Professor made final preparations for a take-off in September. However, the balloon burst during inflation just half an hour before the scheduled departure from New York. A second attempt later in the month also failed.

Undeterred by these well-publicized fiascoes and his nearly depleted finances, Lowe turned to a number of wealthy and influential Philadelphians for support. After raising several thousand dollars of the required amount, this group managed to interest Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in Lowe's project. Professor Henry concurred with Lowe concerning the feasibility of a trans-Atlantic voyage, but prudently advised him to first make a trial overland voyage.

In deference to Henry's suggestion, Lowe proceeded to Cincinnati with a small balloon named *Enterprise*. In a boarded-off lot on the clear, moonlit night of April 19, 1861, Lowe climbed into the wicker basket with a bundle of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, an avid abolitionist newspaper.

The balloon ascended rapidly to a height of two and one-half miles, where the prevailing westerly current swept him toward the Chesapeake Bay area—his intended destination. On reaching the Cumberland Mountains, he descended to check his location. Then unexpectedly, the balloon was lifted by a southerly current which carried Lowe to Pea Ridge near Unionville, South Carolina. On checking his watch and map, the aeronaut found that they had travelled about a thousand miles in nine hours!

IF LOWE ANTICIPATED a hero's welcome, he was sadly disappointed. The local inhabitants, still aflame from the previous week's affair at Fort Sumter, confiscated his "seditious" abolitionist newspapers and clamped the "Yankee spy" in prison. Fortunately, he was soon released through the intercession of faculty members of nearby South Carolina College, who recognized him as a scientific crony of Professor Henry.

On returning to Cincinnati by rail, Lowe noted with apprehension the serious preparations for war. He decided to forego his long-contemplated aerial voyage across the Atlantic for the time being and offered his services at the disposal of the government in Washington. Early in June, the patriotic aeronaut arrived in Washington with the *Enterprise*, and called once more on his friend and supporter, Joseph Henry.

Lowe outlined in detail his ideas of how aerial observation could be utilized effectively in conjunction with ground troops. The nub of Lowe's plan centered around the use of aerial telegraphy, which would enable an aerial observer to transmit information immediately to army headquarters.

Henry enthusiastically endorsed Lowe's proposal, and presented it the next day to Secretary of War Simon Cameron. Soon Lincoln himself became intrigued with the aeronaut's proposal, and invited Lowe to spend an evening at the White House and discuss his plans.

Amidst widespread speculation and wild rumors concerning the purpose of the forthcoming ascent, Lowe draped the *Enterprise* with American and British flags and installed telegraphic equipment. Then on June 18, he inflated the envelope with 20,000 cubic feet of illuminating gas from the capital's gas main, and boarded the car with two employees of the American Telegraph Company.

As the ground crew gradually let out the heavy mooring ropes, the *Enterprise* slowly ascended to a height of 500 feet. He hovered there while the telegraher clicked out the first aerial telegraph message:

Balloon Enterprise
June 18, 1861
TO THE PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES

Sir:

This point of observation commands an area nearly 50 miles in diameter. The city with its girdle of encampment, presents a superb scene. I have pleasure in sending you this first dispatch ever telegraphed from an aerial station, and in acknowledging indebtedness for your encouragement for the opportunity of demonstrating the availability of the science of aeronautics in the military service of the country.

T. S. C. Lowe

To test the scope of this new system, messages were also sent to Alexandria and Philadelphia. The results were enthusiastically acclaimed by Lincoln and Professor Henry, the latter having magnanimously brought along a "cheering section" from the Smithsonian. Chief critic was crotchety General Winfield Scott, who thought balloons would be of little value in the eastern section of the country.

After this triumphant experiment, the balloon was towed through the streets of Washington to the White House grounds, where the President inspected it from the upper windows. The next day, Lowe again demonstrated his new technique on the south lawn of the White House before Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet.

Eager for the government to adopt Lowe's aerial observation and communication system, Professor Henry sent Secretary Cameron a favorable report, which lauded Lowe and emphasized that this service could be made available immediately to Union ground commanders.

However, it was not until after several competitive aeronauts failed conspicuously at the initial battle of Bull Run, that Lincoln sent for Lowe and instructed him to discuss his plans for an aeronautical division with General Winfield S. Scott. When the wizened old commander refused to see him, Lowe stalked back to the White House, where he indignantly recounted his rebuff to the President.

Lincoln listened patiently, smiled understandingly, then plunked his stovepipe hat over his furrowed brow and said "Let's go!"

The two strode back to Scott's office and this time "Old Fuss and Feathers" capitulated. Shortly thereafter, Lowe joined the government service as a military aeronaut at the then-handsome salary of ten dollars per day—just slightly more than the pay of a full colonel.

DESPITE THE EXCELLENT pay and challenging responsibility of organizing the aerial arm of Lincoln's army, Lowe's status was not to be envied. Officially, he was strictly a civilian with no military status. Consequently, he was shuffled between services and a host of superiors, many of whom the Professor lamented "had no knowledge whatever of aeronautics, and were often a serious hindrance rather than a help." In deference to his services, he was allowed to wear semi-military attire which included riding boots, a long dark coat, and a black slouch hat similar to that worn by officers.

Lowe had little time to brood over these problems. The month after McDowell's defeat at Bull Run, blue brass summoned Lowe to Fort Corcoran near Arlington, Virginia to make an aerial ascension in order to reconnoiter some disturbing enemy activities. On the afternoon of August 29, Lowe ascended in his new 25,000 cubic-foot silken balloon, appropriately christened the *Union*. During this maiden patriotic ascent, the Vermont professor drew concentrated fire from a Confederate battery enraged at the sight of the aerial eavesdropper.

Gleefully, a gray artillerist described how "we shot a rifle shell so near old Lowe and his balloon that he came down as fast as gravity could bring him!" Despite his terrifying descent, Lowe managed to secure much valuable information.

While the opposing armies licked their wounds and girded themselves for the next campaign, Lowe set about organizing his balloon corps, perfecting his aerial techniques, and gaining the respect of the Union forces. With the approval of the new Federal commander, General George McClellan, Lowe established a chain of observation stations along the Potomac, from General Hooker's command on the lower Potomac to General Stone's position near Leesburg, Virginia. There were few qualified

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HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN JEANNE

Actress, model, dancer, Jeanne Carmen, the original Texas tornado, just loves to have folks look at her!

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In the United States today, abortions are illegal, except where deemed medically necessary as a last resort to save the life of the mother-to-be. Despite this illegality, hundreds of thousands of abortions are performed each year, the majority by unlicensed quacks. Critics of our present laws feel that the U.S. should follow the example of other countries in legalizing abortions. They state that this would eliminate the high percentage of death and infection resulting from "backroom butchery." Abortions would be performed in the sterile premises of modern hospitals; and the butchers would be forced out of business. Despite the fact that the author is a competent physician, publication of this article is not to be construed as condoning his viewpoint. However, we feel that public interest will be served by providing the groundwork for free and open debate on this highly controversial subject.

SPECIAL FEATURE

AN "ABORTIONIST" TELLS WHY HE HAS TAKEN UP A LIFE OF "CRIME"

ANONYMOUS

THE MOTHER WAS A FADED little woman in a gingham dress, and there were tears in her eyes when she paid me. "Doctor," she kept telling me, "you're a saint. A living saint!"

Every doctor hears this, but in my case it's a good deal different. You see, my operations are illegal. I'm an abortionist.

When you hear the word, maybe you get the picture of a furtive little man with evil, shifty eyes. I'm over six feet tall and weigh close to 200 pounds, so I don't fit the description. Yet I perform an average of twenty-five abortions a year—an average of one every two weeks.

This makes me a criminal. If I'm caught, it means a long stretch in prison and the end of the medical profession for me. And nobody will ever call me a saint again.

Why do I do it? How did the whole thing start? These are natural questions, and I'd like to answer them for you. Am I a criminal? I don't think so—but I'll let you be the judge of that.

I can't remember ever actually deciding at one particular moment to become a doctor, but I know that it was my ambition ever since grade school. I set my mind to it, working through high school and college and medical school, and finally serving my internship in a New York City hospital. It was a long, hard grind. I studied days and most of the evenings as well, but I never really minded.

And, finally, I achieved my goal. I had my diplomas and certificates, all of which combined, entitled me to practice medicine in New York State. I went to a small town in the Adirondacks and set out to do just that.

The first several months were easy enough. It was a routine life—delivering babies, giving injections, prescribing medicines, and all the other tasks that make up a doctor's way of life.

It was my work, and I was happy with it.

And then, on deay early in the spring of my first year, a mother and daughter came to my office. The girl was 15 or so, with curly blonde hair and a surprisingly mature figure for her years. She certainly didn't look sick, and I wondered what was wrong with her.

Her mother didn't waste any time telling me. "Doctor," she said, bluntly, "Sally's pregnant."

"I . . . I see," I said. I wasn't shocked, because the training a doctor goes through makes him almost immune to shock. But I was more than surprised. "I'd better examine her."

"No need of that." The mother's eyes bored directly into mine, and I felt almost as though she was looking at me as a symbol of the man who had caused the

(Continued on page

four more persons died of injuries, bringing the death total to twenty-seven. Over a hundred were hospitalized. In addition—a fact not made public—a search of the half-burned Austin car revealed that a package of 200,000 Irish pound notes, destined for a Limerick bank, had vanished without trace! An analysis of the ashes showed that they were definitely not among the burned articles.

Be assured that neither the depositors nor the shareholders of the bank in question suffered the loss of a single penny. The shipment was completely insured—by a most respected English firm in Liverpool, which stoically stood the entire cost.

But in certain Dublin cellars, a happy group of men and women listened a few nights later as their leader outlined plans for the purchase of a large supply of explosives and the printing of several huge orders of leaflets.

The Irish Republican Army—IRA to those who have dealt with it over the long and bitter years of conflict—had brought off another successful raid.

■ THIS IS to that a war of terror, bombs and bullets—is being waged in the British Isles today. Small bands of heavily-armed men are carrying out constant raids and attacks against the power of the British government—and they're getting away with it!

The raiders are members of the Irish Republican Army, the underground terror force that has been making headlines around the world ever since 1916.

"We want all of Ireland free," is their watchword. "If the English won't listen to reason, then we'll make them listen to force!"

An average of 10 to 15 attacks are launched by the Irish Republican Army each week, taking a heavy toll of property and material and human lives.

Take a typical week in June, 1958:

One IRA unit blasted a radar station near the English-Scotch border.

Twelve IRA men cut loose in Belfast, in northern Ireland. They burned and bombed a postoffice, a British Army camp and a Royal Navy warehouse.

Another unit cut telephone and telegraph cables between England and Scotland and blew a huge hole in the main highway connecting the two parts of the United Kingdom.

So it went. English newspapers reported a total of seven "outrages" that week. The British public responded by once more flooding its parliamentary representatives with demands for heavier repressive measures against the "terrorists."

But regardless of what press and public call them and their acts, the members of the IRA insist they are neither terrorists nor perpetrators of "outrages."

They stubbornly maintain that they are patriots carrying on the bloody fight their fathers left off in the 1920's.

England had held control over Ireland for centuries—ever since mailed English knights conquered the Emerald Isle in the Middle Ages. And, the English didn't want to let go.

A free, proud people, the Irish fought bitterly against the conqueror, but their numbers were too few to achieve much success—until World War I. It was then that the IRA was born. Its men and units immediately began to harass British police forces and troops stationed in Ireland.

England retaliated by sending in thousands of "Black and Tans," sadistic mercenaries who launched their own reign of terror, pillaging, killing and raping at will.

But Irish resistance and world public opinion forced the English to stop the terror-rule in 1919 and grant the country partial independence. Of Ireland's 32 counties, 26 were given freedom. The other six—comprising Northern Ireland or Ulster—remained as British hands.

This failed to satisfy many Irishmen. Almost immediately, a grim, terrible civil war split the newly independent nation of Eire. On one side were those who wanted to accept the British compromise. On the other were the diehards who desired to overthrow the newly-formed Eire government and resume the fight to unify Ireland.

Those who were satisfied with the twenty-six county settlement won, and Eire settled down to an era of troubled peace. As they constantly pointed out, the division had been decided by plebescite. The six northern counties had voted freely and overwhelmingly to remain with Britain.

Indeed the government in Dublin is convinced—though no politician would dare to openly admit it—that a union with Ulster would in the long run bring on more guerrilla activity than it would halt. The northern Irish are as fiery—and as tough—as their compatriots to the south.

Needless to say, logic has been swept under the rug in the violent swell of emotional politics. And to a substantial group, on both sides of the border, a thousand year old dream remains—Ireland must be one—though a million may die to make it so.

■ NOW, MORE THAN 35 years later, the IRA is on the loose again. For the past two years, Irish patriots have been waging what they call their "biggest and most powerful offensive campaign" against anything and everything English.

Actually, IRA men take a great risk. The minute a man *joins* the organization, he's liable to immediate arrest and imprisonment without more than a show-trial, under special emergency laws which have been passed in Great Britain and Eire.

Today, in Eire, more than 1,500 young men and women are serving under arms in the underground, illegal army. It's the weirdest resistance movement in history. Danger lurks everywhere for the IRA man—England is his enemy, but even his own countrymen hound him and are liable to turn him over to the authorities.

Present-day Irish political leaders in the 26 counties are content to leave well enough alone. They don't give much of a damn about getting the six Northern counties back into the fold, anything way they figure, it's best to remain silent and continue to ride the gravy train.

At least this is the contention of the tough, rock-hard guys who leave homes and jobs to join the IRA. They contact the Irish Republican Army "recruiting officers" secretly and stealthily.

The IRA has an underground intelligence agency that would match that of any big government. Agents can quickly find out all there is to know about an applicant—whether he's on the level, stable enough for the dangerous work, or if he's a police spy or informer.

If, say, 19-year-old Tim Monahan wants to join the IRA, he undergoes a thorough investigation first. If he's found to be what he claims, he's enlisted. If there's anything in his background that would indicate he might crack under the strain of extreme peril or in a knockdown, dragout shooting battle, he's politely, but firmly, turned down.

What if Tim turns out to be an informer? He disappears. The IRA doesn't fool around.

Assuming that young Monahan is accepted, he's sent for a long period of training to a secret IRA headquarters.

Small units—seldom numbering more than 20 or 30 men—are trained in these remote areas. The first thing they learn is how to avoid detection, since the Eire government conducts continuing sweeps to locate—and arrest—the "soldiers." Hence, the men learn to build camouflaged holes and caves. They stay out for weeks at a stretch, eating only the simplest of food—a few potatoes, some bread and canned bulbeef.

The girls who serve with the IRA—gorgeous Irish colleens with peaches and cream complexions—are often used as decoys. They are trained to drive cars or divert the attention of police and border guards.

An "assault unit"—which may consist of anything from one to 100 men—gets its assignment from the IRA's central headquarters—which moves about constantly to avoid detection.

Once the IRA man has been shaped into a *fighting* man—and knows all there is to know about infiltration tactics, the use of explosives and similar subjects—he's ready to go on "active duty."

■ THE PLACE—twelve miles southeast of Ballyshannon. The time—twenty-two minutes after one o'clock in the morning.

Eight men are hiding, in the center of a furrowed field. A hundred and forty yards away, an armed guard parades slowly back and forth along a boat cove on the stone custom house.

In the field, the eight men lie motion-

less One man quickly turns the switch of a tiny, pencil flashlight Carefully, he watches as the second hand of his watch sweeps around the dial.

1:23—1:24—1:25—1:26—1:27

From the northwest corner of the building, the sudden wide swath of light indicates the opening of the custom house door. A single uniformed figure, also armed, steps outside The sentry on duty stiffens and stares

"Jock? That you?"

1:28—1:29

"It's me, Dennis Time for tea Anything doing?"

"No, it's quiet enough Glad the shift's done, though."

The voices fade as the two men face the door together a moment

1:30

Dennis, the sentry going off duty, slams inside the door, shutting it. The new man starts off on his paced beat, northward

1:30—exactly Three figures rise up from the field and run barefoot, silently, toward the building They head for the south and east walls, directly opposite the first leg of the sentry's post And while they run, five rifles are held steadily in the arms of five prone marksmen.

Two minutes later, 50 pounds of gelignite, equipped with a ten minute delay fuse, has been firmly attached to each of the two walls

In the fields, one of the five men lowers his rifle A small stone lies conveniently at hand Slowly, he raises up, moving like a shadow His arm goes back and then suddenly arce forward.

A few seconds later Jock, the guard, stiffens and turns! His ears have distinctly caught a sharp, rolling sound. Instinctively his rifle is at the ready He stares into the darkness but there is no movement, no further sound. He keeps looking for almost a full minute. Then, finally convinced, he relaxes and continues his patrol

But meanwhile, two men leap away from the south and east walls, and dash madly into the open fields Then, twenty seconds later they fall flat on their bellies and begin crawling away

1:37 All eight men, now having reached the road, fan out in as many directions Stone heed directly south, toward the border. In a few minutes, that line will be closed like a steel trap

1:40 There is no one to be seen Each of the eight has a specific destination and a specific route to get there

1:41—exactly A roar, like the eruption of a volcano, tears through the night! A huge ball of orange flame lights up the sky for a brief moment, then dies out

At the custom house—but who waste time there? That building no longer exists. Dennis? He's dead. He was lying on a bunk right against the east wall and there's hardly enough of him left for identification. Jock? He's alive—barely Bleeding badly, one arm and both legs broken, his right ear hanging on to his burned skull by only a hair of skin, he lies unconsciously along the pathway.

But despite all planning, this coup was not carried out without mishap. Eighteen hours later, one Arthur Mayo, 19 years old, was taken as he attempted to cross the line into Eire . . .

■ HUNDREDS of IRA men have been similarly apprehended, and are serving prison sentences ranging from five years to life Despite this—and the fact that many dozens of the raiders have been killed—there is no shortage of volunteers.

Last St Patrick's Day, more than 1,000 young Irishmen and 200 Irish girls volunteered en masse. On that same day, the British government, fearful of a serious outbreak, assigned no less than 22,000 troops, police and "special constables" along the border separating Eire from Northern Ireland!

The anticipated big attack never came. The IRA was too smart to be sucked into that kind of trap

Big attacks aren't the IRA's dish of spuds, anyway The organization has to depend on outside contributions—mainly from Irishmen living in the United States and Canada—for money to buy arms and ammunition.

What it can't afford to buy, the IRA seizes from English depots and arsenals The British aren't too happy about publicizing the fact, but there have been more than 20 successful IRA raids on such Limey installations in the last two years.

The raiders netted thousands of rifles, hundreds of machine guns, submachine guns, automatic rifles, and millions of rounds of ammunition.

Whatever arms the IRA raiders obtain must be husbanded with great care. The mere fact that they are able to smuggle them out of England or Northern Ireland and back home to their "native" Eire—the "free" 26 counties—doesn't mean that their worries are over.

All truck and train shipments crossing the frontier are checked and searched. Thus the arms must move by night.

The captured guns and cartridges are doled out sparingly to men and units. Most of the weapons are from "reserve stocks" stored in arsenals, and thus are obsolete.

Even so, with the limited quantities and poor quality of the arms at their disposal, the men of the Irish Republican Army are today a potent force. The illegal military force—which is organized and disciplined as tightly as any army in the world—is a dangerous threat to England and to Eire's anti-unification political leaders.

Public opinion in Ireland appears to be principally in the IRA's favor, and England's Scotland Yard and the British Army's MI-5 Intelligence Branch are very much aware that IRA men working at cover jobs are living—and plotting—right under their noses.

There are IRA sabotage units inside London itself. The men and women in these outfits live outwardly normal lives, working as truckers, waiters, waitresses or whatever they're fit for. They have their furnished rooms or apartments just like millions of other Londoners and just like tens of thousands of other Irishmen living there.

They're not as innocent as they appear, however.

Telephone wires snap. A mail truck is tampered with and delayed. Sugar to gum up a gasoline engine is poured into the gas tanks of official cars. Fires break out in government buildings . . .

"The material losses caused by the Irish Republican Army ■ the years 1956-1958 exceed 35,000,000 pounds—more than $100,000,000," Sir Kenneth Vannevar, as assistant Chancellor of the British Exchequer admitted to an American reporter last month. "To that staggering total must be added a like *annual* sum—the cost of maintaining troops and special police and ■f taking extraordinary precautions against IRA raids. The Irish Republican Army is one of the most expensive thorns in the side of the British government today!"

The growing army of Irishmen dedicated to the cause of Irish unification swears it will never give up.

"We'll get back the six northern counties, regardless of what the British say or do!" they swear.

It's going to be a tough goal to accomplish. But on the other hand, there's nothing more stubborn or more willing to fight and die for a cause than an Irishman who believes he's on on the right side.

The men and women of the IRA are convinced that they *are* on the right side. If anyone can beat the ears off John Bull and make all 32 Irish counties free, independent—and united—they can.

God only knows they've got the guts to do it—and have spent enough blood and effort. If they *do* get what they're after, they'll sure as hell deserve it! ●

BALLOON THAT SAVED THE UNION (Continued from page 35)

and experienced aeronauts, so that Lowe was never able to secure the services of more than seven at any one time.

Just before sunrise every day, weather permitting, the Professor and his assistants boarded the bunting-draped wicker basket. As the ground crew let out the cables, the brightly-varnished balloon ascended to heights varying from 450 feet to a mile, from which elevations the observers commanded views up to thirty miles.

During their routine observations, which lasted two to three hours, the aeronauts carefully noted all enemy positions and activities. The size of an enemy encampment was accurately estimated by tentage and number of campfires. Once a troop movement was discerned, Lowe determined the size of the force by noting the time required for ■ column to pass ■ fixed point. Distant cavalry movements were spotted by the furious clouds of dust, which were visible for miles.

By keeping the Confederates under constant surveillance, Lowe guarded McClellan's troops against the possibility of a surprise attack. The generals, too, came to rely increasingly upon the balloon corps, and McClellan became so fascinated with Lowe's operations that he made several excursions with the aeronaut. In his official report, the General-in-Chief paid tribute "To Professor Lowe . . . I was greatly indebted for the valuable information obtained during his ascensions."

Considerably less happy about these new-fangled operations were the Confederates quartered around Manassas and Centreville, who bitterly resented the "invasion of their privacy."

Johnny Reb found the balloons irresistible for target practice, and opened fire upon them at every opportunity. Although Union aeronauts spent many uncomfortable moments dodging Johnny's bullets and shells, no direct hit was ever scored on any of Lowe's balloons. The gravest damage inflicted occurred when ■ large shell intended for a balloon fell into a regimental cesspool, where it burst and scattered sewage over a bluecoated sentry who was making the rounds!

With the approach of spring, McClellan made final preparations to move his vast army to the Peninsula between the York and James rivers,

from which vantage he planned to brush aside the slight opposition there and then move on to capture Richmond. After sending Lowe aloft to confirm reports that Johnston had evacuated Manassas and retired to the Rappahannock, McClellan ordered his reliable aeronaut to pack his balloons and proceed to Fortress Monroe on the tip of the Peninsula.

After landing his forces on the finger leading to the Confederate capital, McClellan soon encountered an enemy force stretched across the Peninsula from Yorktown to Warwick. The graycoats were commanded by "Prince John" Magruder, a flamboyant commander who cleverly deceived McClellan into believing he had several times his 11,000 troops blocking the path to Richmond. While McClellan cautiously brought up heavy artillery, Confederate General Johnston transferred heavy reinforcements to the Peninsula and himself assumed command.

Just as McClellan prepared to level Johnston's defenses the first week in May, 1862, Lowe made an ascension and discovered that Johnston had evacuated his army from this advanced line. When McClellan was informed of this news, he immediately issued orders for the army to pursue. The Federals overtook Johnston's rear guard at Williamsburg, but after a severe contest the Confederates resumed their retreat toward the capital.

MCCLELLAN FOLLOWED leisurely, reaching the Chickahominy River late in May. Although the swampy river was swollen by recent rains, the Third and Fourth Corps pushed to the south bank of the river to fortify Seven Pines, a hamlet about five miles east of Richmond. But before McClellan could consolidate his army at this point for a united thrust on the capital, a torrential rainstorm started. It was soon unsafe to risk moving troops over the rickety trestles which spanned the raging river.

Learning that McClellan's army was straddling the brimming Chickahominy, General Joe Johnston quickly decided to seize this opportunity to overwhelm the Third and Fourth Corps. This accomplished, he reasoned, he could then move to annihilate the other half of McClellan's army.

Fortunately for McClellan, his able aeronaut had already established observation stations at Mechanicsville and Gaines Hill, just a few miles northeast of Richmond. The gathering gray horde, infuriated at Lowe's night and day observations, masked twelve of their best rifle cannon near Mechanicsville one morning, and discharged them simultaneously. Although nearly all of the shells within two hundred feet of the *Washington* and some passed through the rigging, none succeeded in bringing down the spherical target.

Then during his night reconnaissance on May 30, Lowe noted with alarm a myriad of campfires dotting the encampments in and around the capital. Taking this as a clue that Johnny Reb was cooking rations preparatory to a battle, Lowe made another ascension at daybreak the following morning. Through the clear air he soon discerned one, two, and finally three gray columns—accompanied by artillery and ammunition wagons—moving stealthily toward half of the Federal army at Seven Pines.

Immediately, Lowe dispatched this information to McClellan. The general rushed additional crews to hasten completion of temporary bridges, over which he could send reinforcements to his imperiled left wing. Meanwhile, the enemy lines approached closer and closer to Lowe's position, forcing the aeronaut to descend and telegraph his assistants at Gaines Hill to inflate the 32,000 cubic-foot *Intrepid*, largest in the balloon corps.

When Lowe arrived at Gaines Hill after a furious six-mile gallop, he found his assistants still busily running hydrogen gas from the generators into the *Intrepid's* immense silken envelope. Impatient, he made an ascension in the smaller but fully inflated *Constitution*, which was moored nearby.

After watching the gray columns

closing in on his compatriots south of the Chickahominy, he decided it would be necessary to double his altitude in order to gain a commanding view unobstructed by the forests and hills in the area. However, the lifting power of the *Constitution* proved too weak ■ carry the heavy telegraphic equipment to this height Lowe himself best described his dilemma:

> "I was put to my wits' end as to how I could best save an hour's time . . . the most important and precious hour of all my experience in the army. The two armies visibly came nearer and nearer together There was no time to be lost.
>
> "It flashed through my mind that if I could only transfer the gas from the smaller balloon *Constitution* into the balloon *Intrepid*, then only half-filled, I could save an hour's time, and to us that hour's time would be worth a million dollars a minute.
>
> "But how to rig up the proper connection between the balloons? And in the little time remaining? I was at a loss until I glanced down and saw a ten inch camp kettle, which instantly gave me the key to the situation I immediately ordered the bottom cut out of the camp kettle, the *Intrepid* disconnected from the gas generating apparatus, the *Constitution* brought down the hill—and in the course of five or six minutes, connection was made to both balloons, and the gas in the *Constitution* transferred into that of the *Intrepid*. This one simple act, in my opinion, saved the Union army from destruction."

With excusable pride in this feat, Lowe then ascended with his telegraphic paraphernalia and remained aloft throughout the day to report every movement of the kaleidoscopic struggle.

Early in the afternoon, Johnston's twenty-three brigades viciously struck the twelve isolated Yankee brigades and rolled them back toward the Chickahominy. All seemed lost for this valiant force.

Then late in the afternoon, General Sumner's Second Group succeeded in crossing the newly constructed bridges, which Lowe's reports had expedited, and rushed to the support of his harassed colleagues. These reinforcements stayed the rout and rescued McClellan from almost certain disaster at the outset of his campaign to take Richmond.

Although Lowe made over 3,000 ascensions for Mr Lincoln—until ill health compelled him to resign just before the battle of Gettysburg—the founder of the American Air Force always considered his service at Seven Pines to have been his finest hour. ●

NYMPHO CALL GIRLS (Continued from page 19)

half-clad men came pouring—clutching pistols, bellowing orders, struggling into grey uniforms on which glittered the insignia of Nazi general officers. Searchlights flooded the area—and from the shadows our machine guns started to chatter . . .

Back in the Thirties, Gabrielle Menard was very big in Paris. She owned a nightclub on the Left Bank, and every night she would drop in for a while and sing risque songs in her throaty voice, wandering from table to table stroking the heads of her male customers. She had a beautiful brooding face, but you forgot that when you saw her dark eyes and high rounded figure pressing against a black dress. There was always a mixed feeling of contempt and sadness in her songs, and her customers—especially the tourists—loved it.

But Gabrielle was even better known as a woman of pleasure. If you wanted a truly startling girl, one that you probably wouldn't encounter yourself, you went to Gabrielle. Her rates were the highest in Paris, but you were always certain of satisfaction. I know this, because ■ the five years before the Germans came I was such a favored client of Gabrielle's that she would call herself to discuss some special pleasure in store for me.

"Marcel, I have the most unusual creature from Alexandria—a lovely girl." And she would go on to describe the girl's special qualities, the things for which she was famous. Gabrielle grew rich and she bought a magnificent old villa out in Clichy, where sometimes she would give a "special party" for old friends. Only in Paris—the City of Love—are there parties such as Gabrielle's.

The war changed all that. The stupid, brutal Nazis marched in, and our beautiful city became a place of terror and darkness. The traitors who called themselves the Vichy Government came to power. Gabrielle sold her nightclub and went into retirement, and came into Paris only once or twice a year. The Nazis did not abuse her, or take away her villa. In her way, she was a public figure, and the Nazis hoped to win her over. Some of our leading entertainers—thinking the Germans had won the war—crawled before the jackbooted supermen. But Gabrielle remained aloof and uncooperative—masking her hatred behind a veil of silence.

I had joined the French Army when the Germans marched into Poland. We all knew that France was next. When that doddering old fool Petain called upon us to surrender, I deserted rather than be shipped to Germany as a slave laborer. Now I was in the Underground, fighting the Nazis wherever I could, waiting for the Allied invasion we knew would come.

I had been an executive with a steamship company, but it is a far cry from sitting behind a desk to dynamiting bridges and railroads, throwing grenades into truckloads of German soldiers, or running up behind a sentry to stick a knife in his back. I had done quite well in shipping, and I did not do so badly with the FFI (French Forces of the Interior).

■ BY THE summer of 1944 we were determined to make an attempt to liberate Paris. We had been harassing the Nazis for over four years and felt that the time for a major undertaking was now at hand. Slowly, the tide had begun to turn against the Nazis. The British and Americans were rolling them back in the West and the Russians in the East. Big things were happening and we wished to be a part of them. What bigger or more deserving role could we play than to free our beloved Paris?

But how to do it? It required an absolutely fool-proof plan because if it failed the Nazis would take reprisals against the people of Paris. It was rumored that in the event of an uprising, they intended to burn the whole city. So plans were discussed and discarded one after another because they did not offer a good enough chance of success.

And then one morning, I had the solution to this complex problem. Quickly I brought my idea to Captain Briand. Briand had been a mechanic before the war—a totally uneducated man. Yet, in the Underground, he was my superior and I didn't resent it. He was the strongest man I have ever known, a dead shot—absolutely fearless.

"I should have known your thoughts would run along that line, Marcel," he laughed, but I could see he was thinking hard. "Well, I'll take it directly to General Mabin. Who can tell? Maybe he's desperate enough to give it a chance."

A day later, August 11th, I was in General Mabin's secret office to outline my idea. While I spoke, he watched me intently without saying a word. He was a small man with a thin, black mustache and the nervous look of a bird about to jump off a twig. When I was finished, he asked me only one question: "Will the woman agree?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'd have to talk to her first."

General Mabin said yes, and that night I was in Paris for the first time in five years. A number of us wearing German uniforms went in a German truck we had captured and since our papers looked all right, we had no difficulty getting through the various check points. Inside the city, I took off my uniform while still in the truck and changed into civilian clothes. Now, I was a Vichyite and again had the papers to prove it.

Gabrielle was still living in her villa, but a small guardhouse had been erected thirty yards to one side of it. As I approached, an armed guard came out, but again my papers were convincing. When I said I was an old friend of

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Gabrielle's, he just sighed, shook his head enviously and let me pass. Inside, I gave the fictitious name to a maid and a moment later, Gabrielle herself came down to see me. For a moment I thought she did not recognize me and would turn me away. Then I feared she *would* recognize me and would cry out my right name. That would have been dangerous since the maid might be pro-Nazi. And I was on the "most wanted" list. But Gabrielle did neither of those things. Instead, she dismissed the maid, took me to her sitting room and there —to my astonishment—started to cry.

"You must forgive me, Marcel,' she said at last. "It has been so long since I have seen someone from the old days. But what are you doing here? The last I heard you were with the Underground."

Quickly, I told her what I had been doing and why I had come to see her. When I started to outline our plan, she leaped to her feet and began pacing up and down in a fury.

"Have those beasts here?" she said over and over. "I will not do it. Never."

"But, Gabrielle, you don't understand," I said patiently. "It would not be a party for good times sake. There is something else involved. Won't you listen?"

Then I told her what we wanted to do was to divert as many top ranking Germans as possible to her villa, so that when the uprising began they would not be available to take charge of their men. It has always been known in Europe that the German must be led. We felt that if we could deprive the German soldiers of leadership for even an hour—at the beginning of the uprising—we might be able to gain the upper hand and hold it.

"I have sworn I would not entertain those pigs in my home," she said gloomily when I was finished. "But if it would help—air understanding."

"It would, sweetheart," I said fervently. "But can you get the girls?"

"I can try," she shrugged. "For some of them it will be of no significance. They have been with the Nazis before. For the others—those who feel as I do—well, I'll have to tell them something. When should it be?" she asked—at last.

"A week from tonight," I said, the 19th of August." My throat was dry as I suddenly realized the full significance of what I was trying to arrange. The liberation of Paris!

"Come see me in three days," Gabrielle said. "I will know then if it can be done."

■ THE NIGHT of August 19th, twelve of us drove in the direction of Gabrielle's villa, in the German truck. We wore German Army work clothes and one of us—a great blond fellow named Gaspar—was dressed as the lieutenant in charge. We all spoke some German, and Gaspar spoke it fluently. As we drove along, we sang German songs at the top of our lungs and no Nazis ever sang them with greater enthusiasm.

At five minutes to eleven we were in sight of the villa. You could see the blazing lights a mile away and the sounds of music and drunken voices swelled to a roar as we drew near. Briand and I took the barrels of two American .30 caliber machine guns from inside our trouser legs. Bernard and Derain moved aside to uncover the gun mounts they had been leaning against.

At that moment the party was reaching the peak of frenzy. Gabrielle had planned it that way. She could pace a party as expertly as a jockey could a wild eager horse. Later she was to tell me about it—her face twisted in hatred and disgust, as she stared at the debris strewn through her beautiful home.

Chairs and tables were overturned, drapes ripped from the windows, valuable paintings scarred and spattered. Pools of sticky, stale champagne were still dribbling onto the floor from the big dining room table. Shattered glass—bottles and glasses—was ground into the carpet. Shreds of feminine clothing—some of it blood smeared—were scattered even on the broad staircase. Over the fireplace someone had scrawled "Heil Hitler" with orange lipstick.

The party had started after nightfall. Many of the girls—unable to face the ordeal cold—were already drunk when the Germans started arrived. The lights had been turned off, and black candles burned dimly in shaded holders. In one corner of the dining room a small orchestra was slithering through a slow blues number. The eyes of the Nazis bulged out with anticipation, as Gabrielle greeted them in the hall and explained the strange pleasures to be enjoyed before the evening was over. There were girls from Algiers, Brussels, Amsterdam, Martinique. Napoleon brandy of 1812, champagne, Scotch whiskey—even schnaps. And if they liked, there were drugs and illustrated volumes of the Marquis de Sade to get them in the party spirit.

Before nine o'clock the Nazis were in a frenzy. Discarding their pistols and uniforms, they wallowed like pigs in an orgy of sadism and destruction. Strangely, keeping on only their polished boots, they stomped through the house, their shaven heads glistening with sweat, using the girls like slave animals—swashing, kicking, scourging—while champagne slobbered down their chins.

We were directly in front of the villa at eleven o'clock. All along the front of it we could see the staff cars with their drivers at the wheel. As we stopped a sentry with a rifle appeared in the door of the guard house and when we didn't start up again, he came running toward us.

"You die in a good cause, Boche," Briand said softly, poking a revolver through the slats of the truck and pumping two bullets into the guard's chest.

At that moment, the sound at the party changed to panic and rage. A call had come through that the Underground had risen and fighting had broken out all over Paris. We had thought about cutting the telephone wires, but decided against it. It would have had to be done before the party started, and it would not have been unlikely for some of the officers to expect calls and to investigate if they weren't received.

A moment after they got the call, the generals came pouring out of the villa, some of them only half dressed. Now both our machine guns had swung into action against their cars and drivers. Men screamed as they were hit and the rattle of our bullets against the metal sides of the cars sounded like a dozen hail storms. Then the Germans were on their bellies behind the cars, firing back at us and bullets were coming our way from the windows of the villa. A machine gun opened up from the guard house—the first two bursts wounding Bernard and killing Gaspar.

We continued to chop their cars apart with bullets raking the front of the villa to keep anyone else from coming out. We tried to knock out their machine gun, but it was too well protected and before we could do anything, it had blasted the barrel of Briand's gun and put it out of action. Briand was wild by then, wild with excitement and the possibility of success. When his gun was knocked out, he just went over the end of the truck and charged toward the villa. He had a revolver in each hand like one of those movie cowboys, but he must have been out of his mind to do what he did. Ten yards beyond our truck, the German machine gun cut him in half.

J."Run for it," Bernard gasped hunching himself down behind the other machine gun while Derain lay on one side feeding the belt into it. We will cover you. Run! *Run!*"

There were only four of us left by then. We knew there was nothing to do, but what Bernard said. He and Derain would die, but perhaps the rest of us could get away to fight some more.

We slapped their shoulders in quick farewell, and jumped off the truck. We ran—keeping low to the ground, turning only when we heard the explosion that was the truck's gasoline tank going up. For a moment we stopped and watched as tongues of flame reached up into the black sky. Then we ran ahead toward the heart of Paris and the sound of the guns.

The morning of August 22nd, Paris was ours. Our allies swarmed into the fighting at the very end, but there can be no question that Paris was freed by the FFI. Many things accounted for our success. Our people were well placed and well armed. We had a great incentive and fought like tigers. But it is still my belief, fifteen years later that nothing ruined the Germans so much as lack of leadership in those first crucial hours. And for that, should anyone get greater credit than Gabrielle Menard and her forty-four call girls? They fought the war's strangest delaying action and in the process saved all France. ●

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ABORTIONIST (Continued from page 39)

difficulty. "She's in her second month—well into it."

I nodded mechanically. "All right—what do you want me to do?"

Once again, the woman didn't waste time. "Operate," she snapped. "Get rid of it!"

THE WAS I was shocked. I looked from the mother to the girl, and Sally's face was a mask of fear. She looked very young then; a frightened child.

"What!"

"Get rid of it," the woman repeated. "Sally can't have a baby. My God, it would ruin her! You're a man, but you still ought to be able to understand that."

I understood it, all right. I could picture the girl, with a child she neither wanted nor needed. I knew that she'd be expelled from school, that her friends wouldn't be friendly and her neighbors would be even worse. But the thought of an illegal abortion went against everything I had ever been taught.

"That's impossible," I said, finally. "Do you know what you're asking?"

The woman regarded me thoughtfully. "I thought you would understand," she said with resignation. "I guess you don't. Well, I'll just have to take her someplace else. There's a chiropractor in the next county who'll help us for $400. I wanted to take her to a doctor, but that's the next best thing." She stood up, took Sally by the hand, and started for the door.

"Wait—why doesn't she marry the boy and have the child? There won't be any scandal that way."

The mother shook her head impatiently. "The boy's married," she said. "Can you picture them married? Why, she'd ruin her whole life!"

Yes, I thought, she would. If she were married, she'd be marrying only to protect her name, and marriage ought to mean more than that. And if she had the child out of wedlock, she'd ruin her name and her life. If she went to the chiropractor for an abortion, there was a good possibility that he'd kill her. There didn't seem to be a way out.

"All right," I said finally.

I was very careful with Sally. I was completely successful, using proper equipment under sanitary conditions. An abortion, basically, doesn't have to be a dangerous operation. The danger, such as it is, is two-fold: first of all, most abortions are performed by mercenary crooks, two-bit "rabbit-snatchers" who don't care about the patient's safety or have the knowledge to perform the operation. Secondly, there's a danger if the patient has a heart condition or similar ailment. I eliminate that possibility by giving all patients a thorough physical examination before surgery.

After I kept Sally under observation for a short time to be certain that no complications developed, I told her mother she was free to take the girl home. I felt uneasy accepting money, but the woman insisted. So I compromised by accepting the fee I would have charged for a legal operation of that nature. Needless to say, it was a good deal lower than the chiropractor's figure of $400.

I went through more than a little emotional unrest when it was all over. For the first time, I had utterly disregarded not only the ethics of my profession, but the law of the land itself. I was more than a criminal, for I had taken a life—the life of Sally's unborn child.

Since that time, the world has spread around the area that I am available for abortions. It's not common knowledge, nor easily obtainable, but a girl in trouble can always manage to find me. In the past several years, I've performed abortions for girls all over the state.

On the one hand, I've saved countless girls from shattered lives. On the other hand, I'm a murderer many times over.

AM I REALLY a murderer? I can argue the point, as I've argued it so often with myself. Society has stated that a child is not to be born out of wedlock. So is it murder to kill a child who is not supposed to exist? Is it morally wrong to destroy painlessly—a baby who should never have happened in the first place?

In a way, I suppose it is. But much as we like to think so, morality isn't all a matter of ebony black and snow white. In fact, is a baby a human being before birth? Certainly all of us date our own lives not from our conception, but from the moment we took our first breath.

Has any society the right to condemn not one, but an infinite succession of lives to a miserable existence, because of what we, in a moment of divine inspiration, call "sin?" For remember, the punishment is visited not only on the girl herself, but on the child as well. And that child, growing up a semi-outcast, is forced in turn to pass its own inheritance of shame to its offspring.

It was simple in the old days. We called the woman "fallen," turned her out on the street, then washed our hands of her. If she had "good sense," she committed suicide, at which time we righteously pointed her out as a lesson to the rest of womankind. Her only other choice was prostitution.

Of course, that was another horror to our grandparents.

But the modern outlook is one of "rehabilitation." We need the strength of our young men and women far too badly to waste them in hypocritical judgments.

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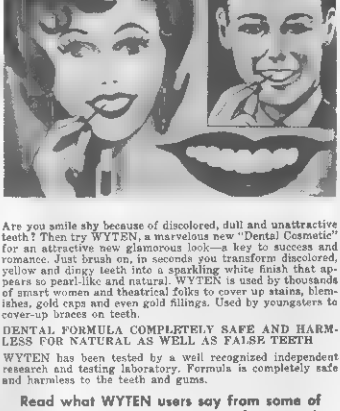

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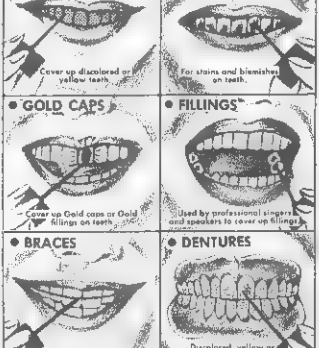

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tainly. But what of it? It's no less true for all of that.

I am a doctor and my oath is to the living. My first allegiance is to those who need me now; not tomorrow, not some unforeseen day in the future, but now, this minute. Let the unborn take their turn.

There's another danger, too, a very serious one. I've broken the law knowingly. I've set my own, personal judgment against the dictates of society. Is it possible for me to stop right there? For having broken one law and "gotten away with it," the temptation inevitably exists for me to break another. If a successful abortionist, why not be a thief, an embezzler—or a dope peddler?

The answer is simple. It lies in my adherence to the oath I took on becoming a doctor. I am to serve humanity to ease pain and suffering. My "right" includes nothing more.

There might be other laws I'd break. But every one of them would have to be of the same type, directed toward "easing pain and suffering."

So far, thank God, I've never been put in other situations. But every week, every month, I am called upon to give of my medical knowledge to help some helpless girl. And there, personally, I feel on very strong ground.

THERE was one girl I'll call her Gloria, who came to me two-and-a-half months pregnant. She didn't know who the father was, hadn't any idea. For over a year Gloria had been intimate with nearly anyone who asked her, so the father of her child-to-be could have been any one of twenty or more men or boys.

If I let Gloria have her baby, several things might have happened to her none of them pleasant. She might have left the child in a home, where it would grow up as another foundling with no parents of its own and no idea where it came from. She might have kept the child, never financially capable of supporting it or sufficiently mature to bring it up. And the other alternative was always present—a *grimy knife in a dirty room of a backwoods do-it-yourself surgeon.*

I performed the abortion, and after that I gave her a long lecture. While I don't pretend to be a psychiatrist, I feel I was a help to her.

That's why Gloria's getting married in a few months to a decent guy. She'll be a respectable wife instead of a cheap prostitute. And I don't feel much like a murderer when that sort of thing happens.

There have been other Sallys and other Gloria, all ages and all types. They all come to me with babies they don't want. Some of them are carrying the children of older, married men—men who'd be literally ruined by that sort of scandal. You might feel that such men deserve exposure, but I cannot set myself up as judge or jury. I can only try my best to help everyone involved, and that's precisely what I've been doing.

I have my own ethics now. They're not the ethics of the medical profession, but they're what I myself believe. For example, I refuse to perform an abortion for a married woman. This, to me, is wrong—such a woman has the responsibility to bear any children she conceives.

Nor will I operate unless I'm convinced it's entirely safe. If a patient's history indicates danger, or if she's been pregnant too long for safety, I will not operate. I haven't lost a single patient yet and I won't start now.

I feel that I'm in the right, and I think I've done a lot of good so far. When abortions are legal in this country, as they are in Sweden, I won't have to worry about exposure. Until then, I'll go on taking the law into my own hands. I have to follow the dictates of my own conscience.

Just last week a girl came to me, a girl who'd been raped. The assault had left her pregnant. Could I blame her for not wanting to bear a rapist's child? Should I have sent her out? The *law* says so, but I disagree.

Am I a saint or a murderer? Judge for yourself, but ask yourself this: wouldn't you want me around if your daughter was in trouble? ●

SEX FILMS (*Continued from page 21*)

impress me, why not promise me the world—why not stardom, instead of a "supporting role" career.

Raymond continued to pour it on. Once he saw that I'd swallowed the bait, he went ahead on the build-up, explaining how hard it was to find promising material; how he wasn't going to let me out of his sight until a screen test had been made and my signature was on a contract.

After dinner, we went to a nightclub. It was all on his expense account, Raymond grinned. We had some drinks and we danced and we watched a sophisticated floor show. There were some off-color stories and double-entendre jokes. I tried to keep a straight face, but then Raymond began to tell me intimate stories about the film stars I worked hard to keep from showing what a provincial idiot I really was.

I was a bit giddy by the end of the evening when Raymond finally suggested I drop up to his apartment for a nightcap, but I'm not going to pretend that I didn't suspect what was next on the agenda. I felt that I had to prove that I really was a "woman of the world." Besides, I was desperately frightened of missing the boat entirely.

This was the key pitch. A girl walking out at this point would spend the rest of her life regretting that she failed to seize opportunity when it knocked. It's easy to say that girls ought to be

"good," but historically, the biggest prizes in life have always had a price tag, and for pretty girls, that price is paid in a universal exchange. Even the most ignorant girl knows that. Greta was acting normally in accepting it. Unfortunately, most girls act exactly the same way.

In his lovely, modernly-furnished flat, Raymond poured me another drink and began to make gentle love to me. Yet, he remained deadly serious.

"My dear," he whispered, "believe me, I'm not a wolf. I see too many pretty girls in my profession for that. But most of them are actually only empty shells. There's something inside of you that's different. Promise me solemnly that you'll keep it that way, that you won't let a film career go to your head."

Reading it in cold print makes it sound ridiculous, doesn't it. Yet, I actually believed every word.

I let myself go completely. Later, when he suggested that I stay at his place until he "fixed a few things for the big test," I saw no reason not to agree.

■ A FEW EVENINGS later, he announced that everything was all set. But first, he wanted me to look at a few film tests that had been made previously, "so you'll see what to do and what not to do tomorrow."

I was surprised when, instead of going to a regular studio, Raymond parked his car in front of a large suburban house. But he explained that directors often screened these things at home.

"There'll be a few other guests," Raymond told me, "so don't be too surprised at the formality."

When we entered the drawing room, we saw a dozen couples sitting around on rows of chairs. Behind the chairs was a movie projector, and in front of the room was a large portable screen. We sat down and waited. During the next few minutes, another half dozen couples arrived.

Everyone seemed nervous, as if something extraordinary were about to take place. Finally, a heavy man in shirtsleeves walked into the room and stepped up to the projector. "Here we go, ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "Remember, whatever you do, try to keep it quiet. We don't want to disturb the neighbors."

The lights went out and the projector whirred. The screen flickered as the film lead-strip ran through. Then a picture, sharp and clear, flashed on the screen. I gasped—it was the bedroom in Raymond's apartment.

The door to the bedroom opened and I saw *myself* walk in, followed by my "talent scout." Still I didn't get it. It must have taken two full minutes before I realized that I was witnessing the actual events of the night I first met Raymond!

It was all there, every last lurid bit of it, from the moment I took off my coat until that last sigh when I finally smiled myself off ■ sleep.

The shock treatment is an essential part of the build-up. The power to resist is destroyed, and once mental terror has been applied, only the smallest threats need be made to keep the girl "in line."

I had to sit there and watch it all—watch myself going through every motion—see myself as an animal—listen to the inside comments of the audience.

"He's all right, that one," I heard a middle-aged woman chuckle. "I wouldn't mind him myself!"

Her companion snickered, "What a body on that girl. She's sure an actress—plays it real innocent." The voices drifted off into inaudible whispers

I pressed the back of my hand against my teeth. My body trembled violently and I felt faint. I couldn't look ■ anyone. I thought about later, when the lights would come on again. They'd see me. They'd recognize me! In the darkness, I began to cry silently.

The ordeal finally ended. A projector light shone dimly as the operator changed reels

"Come on," whispered Raymond.

I followed him, instantly. At least I'd be out of that room before the show was finished and the audience had a chance to spot me. We went up a flight of stairs and into an office. Another man, older, with gold-rimmed spectacles, sat at a huge desk.

"Ah, our little star," he greeted me with a smile. "Sit down."

The man leaned forward "Here you are kid, 50 pounds ($140) for your performance. It's the easiest money you ever made, isn't it? All you have to do now is keep on acting natural—you're a cinch to clean up We can turn out two or three a month, and once the guys ■ start making the rounds we'll be able to up your take as well. Want to work with Ray again, or would you prefer someone else? Don't worry, they're all nice boys.

I wanted to scream, not in rage but in terror. I looked around wildly. He seemed to read my mind.

"Don't take it so hard, honey," he laughed. "I know just how you feel. You don't like it Sure. But it's not so bad, really After all," he grinned again and winked, "you didn't seem to mind when you were performing, now did you? Maybe it is hard to get used to the camera, but actually it's just as much fun Besides, you wouldn't want us to take the film to your parents in Macclesfield, now would you? Don't think that we wouldn't—we've a lot of money tied up in this. And don't think of the police, either. Remember, as the star of the show, you're a lot more involved than we are."

What could I do? I was trapped and I knew it. Maybe some of you smarter people may see something I could have done. But I couldn't see a single loophole. I wanted to die. But I didn't. I allowed them to get me a small flat where I roomed with another ■■ girl.

■ IN THE NEXT few months, I made dozens of movies. What were they about? Use your imagination. I worked with men and women, singly and in groups. It was like a dream. I was

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hardly aware of what was happening.

I met dozens of girls like myself, who held captive by the syndicate. It was some consolation to know that most of them had been caught by the same trick that had fooled me—at least I wasn't the only stupid girl in the world. And there were others, too—girls who actually volunteered for the job. Prostitutes, wild society girls, real actresses who were looking for extra thrills.

I saw exactly how they worked the dirty camera trap—a small portion of an oil painting. Under ordinary inspection the picture on the bedroom wall looked as if it had been patched after being damaged. Actually the flap could be raised. A cameraman stood in the next room, photographing the whole action.

We challenge any young girl, naive, innocent and blushing with excitement over the potentiality of sudden fame and fortune, to spot the gimmick in the room. The picture on the bedroom wall is never even noticed. The necessary lighting is explained away by the simple statement "I often interview girls here. I have to be able to see them as they show up under the lights."

I found out, too, that there are dozens of "blue" cinemas all over the world. Innocent looking houses in the neighborhoods, where small groups of chosen can witness brief shows. In London, these charge an admission of £3 ($8.40) per person, each showing catering to about 30 people.

The potential audience is tremendous. It has been estimated that better than fifty million persons see "blue" movies each year. While permanent cinemas are fairly rare, this is more than compensated for through rental and sale of prints to thousands of party groups.

The syndicate itself extends all over Europe, with outlets on both sides of the Iron Curtain. There are also branches in America.

Yet, under certain circumstances, girls are permitted to leave. I was, and so were many others. There's no mysterious mastermind about it—it's simple and businesslike.

After a girl has been exposed to several months of this kind of life, she gets callous and international. Unless she's a first rate actress, it shows on the screen. And it's the emotion that must be transmitted to the audience if the film is to sell. Once the girl loses that "spark," the syndicate has little use for her.

I watched it happen to me. At the top, I was being paid as much as £200 ($560) a performance. But gradually payment diminished. And one day, when I was handed £25 ($70) for an act, I knew that the time had arrived to make my bid for freedom. I went to the "boss" and told him I was dead out.

He shrugged. "Suit yourself. But remember, when you do talk—and I know that power or inter everyone does, be careful. You might get hurt. So might your parents. I don't have to tell you that there's no place you can go that we can't reach. So long as we don't get hurt, you won't either."

I broke with the syndicate completely. I've emigrated from England. For my own sake, I'm not going to tell you where I'm living today. But this much I can say, I'm an honest working girl.

One last note. I'm sure that some of you who read this transcription have seen my "movies." The law of averages makes that fairly certain. I'm not going to weep on your shoulder and ask you to think kindly of the poor girl who made them. There's no excuse in that. But if you have seen them, or if you do see them in the future, remember the sickening human heartbreak that went into their production.

I hope you get your money's worth of entertainment. For it's a certainty that you'll get nothing else of value. ●

SAY "NO" TO THE GAUCHO (Continued from page 39)

Sense?" Fervora went on drinking his maté.

"It's about my daughter, Consuela. She has been taken by the wild Chacos."

The gaucho raised an eyebrow. He took out a bag of black, evil smelling tobacco and remarked, "They have been quiet for years, Senor. What makes you think the Chacos have your daughter?"

"She was riding, with her fiancé, when the Indians attacked. They let him go, unharmed, with a message. They said they wanted ten thousand U. S. dollars to return her."

The gaucho frowned. He didn't know how much $10,000 was. But Yanqui dollars were worth a hell of a lot. "Do you think she is worth it, Senor?" he asked. "That seems a large sum for a woman."

For a minute it appeared that Don Felipe would have a stroke. "Confound you, cowboy!" he shouted. "My daughter comes from one of the oldest and proudest families in the Argentine. Her mother was a descendant of the conquistadores."

The gaucho shrugged. "I also come from a noble family," he announced with simple dignity. "My father was the younger son of Don Avelino Herrera y Lopez y Montilla.

My mother was a Chaco squaw. I do not think I will look for your daughter, Senor."

The older man looked startled. A refusal was the last thing he'd expected. "For God's sake, hombre!" he shouted. "She's my only child! Why won't you look for her?"

"Because, Senor, although you will not drink from the same straw with me, you still wish me to risk my life for a woman I have never seen. For all I know, your daughter is very homely."

"She is very beautiful," murmured Don Felipe. "And I will give you a thousand American dollars."

The gaucho studied the end of his black cigarette. "In that case, Senor, it seems I shall have to take her

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away from my poor cousins."

When Don Felipe hired Fernando Herrera to track down the abductors of his daughter, he'd known exactly what he was doing. The young half-breed was known and feared across the western Argentine for his keen eye and jungle-cat cunning on the trail. Within minutes of being shown the spot where the girl had been kidnapped, he'd found the trail across the featureless sea of grass. Only an expert could have noticed the way the sun glistened off the bent tops of the tall grass. For an agonizing hour, Don Felipe watched him ride slowly north on his painted pony. He had forbidden anyone to ride with him. On the horizon, he waved to Don Felipe and moved off to the north.

A spot, it was only the faintest trace, of black motor oil glittered on a single stem of grass. Without dismounting, the gaucho swung down and plucked the blade. He sniffed at the pungent oil and then tucked the stem in his shirt pocket. As he continued to ride north-east along the suddenly much clearer trail he mumbled to himself, "this is most strange. I knew the mountain ones have taken to the blancos ways in the past years. But I never heard of a wild Chaco driving a motor car."

The trail led across the crushed grass and through a dry gully. Here Herrera noted in the soft, moist earth that the tires on the car were new. "It must pay well, being a wild Indian," he thought, "None of my poor Cristano friends can afford new tires."

OFF ACROSS the endless expanse of yellow grass he suddenly made out the plume of smoke from a chimney. With the uncanny sense of direction a gaucho possesses on the featureless pampas, Herrera knew exactly where he was. He abandoned the trail and rode toward the smoke at a spine jolting, but mile killing trot. If he was wrong, he could go back and pick up the trail again. If he was right, he was going to save himself at least a day and a night in the saddle.

He knew the place. It was an old adobe house, built as a fortress years before, during the border troubles. It had walls three feet thick. There were no windows on the southern side, only a couple of loop holes. He hoped no one was keeping watch through the loop holes. For there was no way of sneaking up on the blind side of the house during the daylight across the flat open grass lands. Herrera had a story ready, in case he was challenged from the house. He wasn't. He dropped the reins of his pony on the ground and dismounted. His horse was trained to stand like a statue until it's master returned. Herrera walked toward the house. He didn't crouch. It would do no good if anyone were watching. An innocent gaucho wouldn't crouch. He reached the wall, unchallenged. He stood there for a moment wondering about that. "It is simple," he shrugged finally. "They are not Chacos. If they were my mother's people, I would have been challenged or shot long ago. They would have had a man watching the back."

He eased up to one of the ancient loop holes, but he didn't look through it. That would be asking for a bullet in the head. He listened. There were three people in the house, two men and a girl. The girl laughed from time to time. She didn't sound as if she were unhappy about her kidnapping. Rather she seemed to be enjoying it immensely. The girl's voice was blurred with alcohol and he heard her say, "Tico, stop that. You know I said we had to wait until we were married." Herrera nodded to himself. Wasn't the fiancee of Consuela Llanos named Alberto? Some Spaniards used 'Tico' as a nickname for Alberto.

"Carne de Dios!" thought the gaucho, "What a miserable creature! She lets the poor hombre risk his hide for the reward money and then she won't give him even a drop of love." As he climbed up on the roof he smiled grimly to himself, "And it's not because she's moral. If I know these cold-blooded Castilians, she uses her sex as a weapon. I wonder how many times her poor Papa has had to bail her out?"

Silently he climbed to the roof and crossed it. A few tiles cracked under his weight, but he hoped the people below would be too interested in their own actions to notice. He reached the chimney and stuffed it with his kerchief. Then he crawled to the eaves and squatted over the doorway.

A fat man in a white suit came running out the door. He was coughing from the dense smoke that had suddenly filled the room below. The gaucho leapt from the roof like a jaguar. He landed astride the man's thick back and grabbed a fist full of his hair. Pulling the man's head back, he drove the point of his knife through the side of his enemy's neck. When the hilt drove fully home, he shoved the blade hard, away from him, the way a boy whittles wood. The blade tore out through the gristle and fat with the sound of a cleaver cutting through a head of lettuce. The fat man gasped but couldn't utter a sound. Herrera threw him to one side and wiped the blade on his pants. The man was dead. Fernando crouched in the doorway, waiting for the other man to come out. After a while he realized the man wasn't going to. So he went inside the smoke filled room. The bed room door was closed. Herrera crossed the room and kicked the door in. He

gazed at the couple on the bed.

THE SPANIARD was fast. Herrera had to give him credit for that. He was a tall, good looking young man, in a weak-chinned way. The phony kidnapper threw himself across the room at the gaucho. Herrera sidestepped and Alberto bounced off the wall. The gaucho grabbed him by the throat and bent him over the foot of the bed. He dug his thumbs into Tico's throat and slowly squeezed the life out of the struggling Spaniard. The girl on the bed screamed and started beating at him, Herrera let go of his victim with his left hand long enough to back hand her across the room. He noticed she was a well-shaped, honey blonde He nodded in satisfaction and bored deep into her lover's neck with his thumbs. After a while the man's body stopped quivering. He threw him down on the floor and stepped on his neck. He heard the vertibrae part with a sick snap. The girl screamed.

"Do not fear, Senorita," he said, as he booted the corpse through the door. "I have no intention of killing you You are worth a thousand Yanqui dollars to me."

He grabbed the girl by the hair and forced her to her knees. It was nice hair, he thought, soft, like corn silk. He tossed her back down across the bed. She pulled a sheet over her naked body. Herrera shrugged. "We have a couple of days to get acquainted. Your so rich and gullible Papa thinks you are up north in the Chaco country. We will not tell him differently."

The girl looked at him numbly. "What . . . What are you going to do to me?" Herrera shrugged "First we will bury the bodies under the pampas and let the grass hold your little secret. There is no hurry. Your boy friend chose this place well. We will be alone for a while, maybe two or three days. Then I will ride back to your Papa's rancho with you and collect my just reward."

Consuela spat at him like a cat. "Peon! I will have my father's gauchos whip you to death like a dog!"

Herrera patted her fondly and smiled, "I don't think so, *querida mia*. If I told them what happened here, what really happened, they would kill me to shut me up. On the other hand, they would kill you too. I know the pride of your father's class. Your papa seemed very worried about your virtue. It would hurt his feelings to know you have none, that you betrayed him and his name so you and your senor could have some extra spending money."

Consuela's dark eyes widened as she realized the full implication of what the gaucho was saying. What had started as a lark, had ended in tragedy and death for poor Tico and

his friend, Manuel. It could also mean her own death if her father learned the truth. "What will you tell them?" she asked.

"That I found you among my mother's people," Herrera replied. "They had treated you with respect while awaiting the ransom. Of course that is very silly. The indios would have raped you ten times over even before they got you to their camp, but your father doesn't want to think so. So we will tell him what he wants to hear. I will say that the chief was a cousin, that I talked them into letting you go. Your father had something like that in mind when he hired me. We won't subject the poor old fellow to disillusionment."

The girl thought about this for a moment. Shyly she said, "Gaucho."

"Yes, queen of my heart?"

"Hadn't you better see about about the bodies?"

"Later, my own rare one. After I see if you're worth all of this blood and slaughter." He stood up and began unbuttoning his denim shirt.

Later, when the moon was filtering through the loop hole, she sighed in the dark and whispered, "Only two days, Fernando?"

"Three, if you behave yourself."

"Are you going to ask my father for my hand, querido?"

The gaucho laughed. It sounded hard and flat, like the bark of a dog. "Your father would have me shot," he said. "Besides, I know when I'm well off. Three nights is about all I want from you, muchacha."

"But, querido, what if I should have a baby?"

Fernando Herrera smiled and patted her in the dark. "At least," he said, "It will have good breeding on my side.' ●

PAYOFF FOR A PROSTITUTE (Continued from page 31)

playing cards on the Bogard and you do not have to worry about the price. If it has gone up, I will be able to pay it."

"We are not joking," Aunt Hattie assured me. "We are really on strike. But you can come in if you like." She laughed harshly. "Maybe you will be satisfied by only looking."

I went in and it was plain she was serious. Clustered together in one corner of the huge, low-ceilinged room were six of Aunt Hattie's girls. As usual they were naked from the waist up, their pretty breasts so high and firm I had once thought it must be some kind of trick until I found out it wasn't. It was simply part of their sensational all-over development. They sat there feeding each other dates and figs and a huge Negro stood over them slowly waving a large, straw fan. A number of men were standing about or sitting on the floor, their eyes hungry, and all of them looked angry enough to start swinging at the drop of a hat.

"Well, Marcel Gascar," Aunt Hattie asked. "Is it a joke?"

"It is a tragedy," I answered.

Of course, this was some years ago when the Casbah was different from what it is today. Now, French soldiers are always in there looking for Arab terrorists, but at that time people did not go into the Casbah at all unless they were looking for the kind of excitement they could find nowhere else. Prostitution, smuggling, narcotics, robbery, murder—these happened every day. I have personally seen two men hold a third so an Arab could spit in his face, then kill him with a knife ripping up his stomach. I have seen half a million dollars in uncut diamonds lying on a dirty handkerchief and I have seen the dead body of the man who tried to take them out of the Casbah, his tongue and eyes cut out of his head.

At this time the girls who worked in the Casbah (not the alley tramps, but those in Aunt Hattie's and other such select places) were the best in the world. In almost all cases, they had been sold into prostitution while they were little girls. From then on pleasing men was their whole life. The house was off-limits to members of the French Navy, but what was to stop a man from getting a civilian suit?

"It is the new police inspector for this district," she remarked bitterly. "Monsieur Borotra. For years we have all been paying the gendarmes to leave us alone. We never minded paying them and they never minded taking the money. It is simply the way we did things here. But Borotra he says No. He says it is against the law and he will not take money himself nor allow anyone else to take it. He has been making arrests in the Casbah and we are all angry. We have been here too long for that and the police themselves have been among our steady customers. A little money we don't mind paying them, but this is something else."

"But if you're on strike, you're playing right into Borotra's hands," I told her. "He wants to close you up and that is what he's doing."

"You do not understand the Casbah, Marcel Gascar," she said, shaking her head. "For ten days now, these men have done without girls and the women have not been paid any money. Yes, ten days. That's how long the strike has been on. Everyone is angry and before too long something will snap. When it does—that will be the end of Monsieur Borotra."

That seemed plain. The men weren't saying a word, but they were looking at the girls as though they were ready to jump out of their skins. And the girls weren't

making it easy for them. A couple were strutting around with their hands on their hips and their breasts pushed out, even more than usual. One had her head all the way back with her mouth open for another to drop dates in. Her teeth gleamed and her pink tongue kept coming out to lick her lips.

The men continued to watch Europeans, Americans, some wealthy Arabs in long white robes. Then suddenly one of the Americans got up and started across the room. He was a big, beefy, red-faced man in a dirty white suit and no tie.

"The hell with this, he shouted "I didn't come all the way over here to watch a damn show. One of you broads is going upstairs with me and no one's going to stop us."

He didn't get within ten feet of the girls. The big Negro grabbed him by the collar hoisted him up over his head and flung him away as if he were a sack of corn. The beefy man fell with a crash. At the same time his hand shot to his pocket, but three others pounced on him and twisted the knife out of his hand before he could do anything with it. Aunt Hattie was right. Things were getting close to the explosion point.

On the off-chance that one of the other houses wouldn't be closed, I went out and began to look around. The steep, narrow streets stank with the smell of garbage rotting under the blazing sun. Naked kids darted in and out of dark doorways and two that couldn't have been more than six were choking a small dog to death by twisting a wire around its throat. Legless beggars held out shaking hands. A drunk lay sprawled in a doorway dead to the world while an old Arab calmly stole his shoes. I visited eight houses, but the strike was on in all. Finally, I went back to Aunt Hattie's. This time, the girls were having races. Two of them were down on all fours while another pair sat on their backs riding them like horses. The riders had little bamboo whips with which they would reach back to rap their "steeds". You could see that some of the men watching were really getting wild.

I had been back just a few minutes when Karima burst in, seething with excitement. Karima was the best-known and highest priced prostitute in Algiers. She was famous especially for her temper and temperament. It was said of her that she chose her men, rather than having them choose her. Those who refused to take "no" for an answer were usually lucky to get off with a face-slapping. But at the same time her beauty was so great, and her reputation for expertness in the arts of love so tremendous, that no one she ever approached could either refuse her invitation or price.

Even now, as she dashed into the room, her cheeks flushed, her cloth-

ing in disarray, I could see the men in the place lean forward tensely, a new peak of desire mirrored in their faces.

Karima, however ignored us all. "Hattie, Hattie," she shouted, "quick. Borotra is coming. The word is all around the Casbah that he has found a new trick to put us out of business. Stop him, Hattie."

The older woman tried to calm her. "There now, honey," she crooned. "What can he do? We're on strike, remember?"

Karima broke away and started to pace the floor anxiously. "He'd better not try anything with me," she muttered.

It was about 15 minutes later that Inspector Borotra himself put in an appearance. He was a short, florid, very pompous-looking individual. From the way he kept smoothing down his uniform, it was evident that he was very proud of himself and his position.

Borotra strutted in, accompanied by two police officers and another man, not in uniform. He marched straight into the center of the room, held up his hand for attention and then made his announcement.

"Under Section 114 of the new Algerian civic articles," he intoned, "all women practicing the profession of prostitution must undergo a medical examination. Failure to pass such an examination will result in an immediate loss of license. This," he swept his arm toward the non-uniformed man, "is Doctor Fibbert. He is under instructions to examine all of you, now. Is that understood?" He paused, but as there was no comment from anyone, he continued. "All of you will go to your rooms and stay there. We will come to you, one by one. My men will station themselves here at the foot of the stairs to see that no one escapes her true obligation. Come now. Move!"

THE GIRLS grumbled. But obviously resistance was out of the question. Slowly, reluctantly, they went upstairs. But Karima, angrier than ever, couldn't resist turning and spitting on the floor as she stalked regally past the Inspector.

The examination went on for a long time. I could hear them moving about, above, from room to room, and I tried to picture the scene. I knew that Karima would be last, for her room was just at the head of the staircase.

Perhaps an hour later—maybe it was longer, the doctor started down. He was alone. Hattie looked at him anxiously.

"It's all right, maman," the doctor soothed. "Your girls are in perfect health. They all passed."

Hattie breathed a long sigh of relief. But then she gasped, as she looked around anxiously. "But Borotra? Where is he?"

The doctor grinned. "That last one, Karima . . . but, I can't say I blame him. If I were ten years younger, I think I'd have gone for her myself. Such a woman. *Nom de diable!* She could tempt a saint into Hell."

"You mean he and Karima . . ." As they understood what was going on upstairs, there was a roar of laughter from the crowd.

But the speaker never finished his comment. There was a loud crash from above, the door smashed open and the figure of the policeman appeared, hand at throat, staggering, grasping for the banister.

Borotra managed about five steps. And then he fell collapsed. There was a cascade of blood, spurting hard and high. Borotra lay on the staircase, his head facing downward, gore pouring from a huge gaping wound where his throat had been sliced, lacerated literally from ear-to-ear.

For a minute no one moved. We were all of us too shocked at the picture of a man dying.

And then, after a minute or so, one of the policemen broke out of his trance. "Karima!" he shouted.

I STILL DON'T KNOW what made me step into it. My heart was thumping like a trip hammer.

"Look, there's no point in getting all excited about this," I said.

"Who are you?" the gendarme asked.

I told him my right name. I also told him I was a French sailor. They looked at me as though I were crazy.

"You must want to go into the brig," one of them grunted. "Don't you know this place is off-limits?"

I took out a big fistful of the money I had won on the *Bayard*.

"Wasn't it better the way it used to be before Borotra got on the job?" I asked. "Now, he is gone. Why shouldn't it be the old way again?"

They looked at me for a long time. Then at each other. There wasn't a sound in the room. Then the tall one reached out his hand and I put the money in it.

"Naturally," the policeman said gravely, "if there should be any questions, it would require that everyone here be held for interrogation."

"But, Monsieur," broke in one of the Arabs, "we have seen nothing. This is only a quiet and peaceful salon. Nothing has happened here for the last hour. Is that not so, my friends?" he asked, with a wink.

There was a general murmur of agreement.

The police officer looked at his fellow officer and at the doctor. They shrugged expressively. "All right then," he announced. "There has been nothing. But," he grinned, "see that this carcass of a dog is disposed of. We should not like to find it when we return, perhaps tomorrow." He bowed slightly in my direction. "You are right, sailor. Things were better before. They will

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be better now."

As the officers left, Karima, who had been standing like a frozen statue at the head of the staircase, suddenly let out a scream and dashed down to join us. She was sobbing bitterly. "He told me I would be his or he would mark me so that no man would ever want me again. That pig. I killed him! He held a knife at my throat. I pretended to give me. And then when he forgot himself, I grabbed the knife and slashed at him. I only meant to cut him a little, on the face perhaps. But he pulled away and then . . . oh, Madame, there was so much blood."

Hattie comforted her gently. At the same time, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the giant Negro and one of the Arabs walk over to the corpse, pick it up, and start to carry it out through a back door.

I don't know where they took it, or what they did with it. And I don't want to know.

Of one thing I am certain. There was never a question raised of any involvement by anyone in the Casbah. The next day there was a big story about Bototra's disappearance in the newspapers. But as "inquiries" were made and dragged on, day after day, the news articles grew smaller and smaller. Finally, they disappeared entirely, replaced by other murders, other robberies, fresh violence. There is always something of news interest taking place in Algiers.

But meanwhile, something else of the most intense personal interest, took place. For as the police left, squeals of joy rang through the house of Hattie. It was obvious that there was going to be a celebration and it was obvious, too, that it was going to be a wild one. But Aunt Hattie pushed through and took me by the hand.

"Come with me, she said.

I went with her to the back of the house and up the stairs. She pushed open a door and we went in. Karima was stretched out on a bed. She had the most wonderful body I've ever seen. Everything about her was smooth and slim and rounded. I couldn't turn my eyes away. Aunt Hattie left.

Sit down," Karima said.

I sat down next to her.

"She told me what you did," she said. "You will never regret it."

She began to untie my shoes.

"I have told her that no one else is to come up here for the rest of the day or the night," she said. "I am going to be very nice to you. I am going to be so nice to you that you will remember it for the rest of your life."

This happened many years ago, but Karima was absolutely right. I've never forgotten a thing she did for me and I'm sure I never will. ●

ARMY OF TERROR (Continued from page 33)

shadows. She drew close to Plaine, her dark, nude body glaring in the firelight. She stood close to him, unusually rubbing against him.

"Which one do you want?" he asked her, his eyes glittering like eyed both of us—then pointed to Crandon.

"My—my new wife will kill you," Plaine announced to the sergeant. "I will take care of you, Inspector!"

I understood everything now. Harry Plaine, after almost twenty years in Africa, had succumbed to the madness that often overtakes white men on the Dark Continent. He had truly gone berserk—even embracing the hideous religions of the tribe.

He had joined—or, the thought suddenly occurred to me, even organized the cult! It was obvious why his wife had to die. He was tired of her—and wanted the pigs native woman—perhaps more than one!

Plaine turned away from us. The ritual had some time to go, for the natives had not yet been worked up to the proper frenzy. There was much drinking and dancing—many incantations to come before they would be ready to kill us.

That gave us our only chance. If the Constabulary reinforcements from Ogbomosho arrived in time—and if the native policemen had the sense to back for us, we might live. Otherwise

The rites took on even more savage sexual overtones. Natives paired off, fell to the ground and rolled convulsively. Others looked at each other with hide whips, raising huge welts and slicing through the flesh of backs and legs.

Most of those who continued to dance now wore their crocodile skins, and carried their "jaw" weapons in their hands.

I heard a sudden, insane giggle and looked up Plaine stood in front of us, his black paramour at his side. Both of them were frenzied, glassy-eyed. And both had ready the instruments with which they intended to kill us!

"The crocodile teeth will cut you to pieces!" he shrieked. "Your bodies will be found near a stream—and everyone will think it an accident. That you were investigating the death of my wife and the croc got you

"Why? Why, Plaine?" I asked, struggling to keep my voice even. I tried to humor him, to play for time—but he ignored me.

He stepped forward, opened the "jaw" of his weapon wide and brought the upper jaw down along my right arm—hard, raking the flesh and tearing it open! I screamed in agony and felt the hot spurt of blood down my shoulder.

The sight drove the blacks wild! They leaped and howled to their crocodile god. Plaine's woman advanced on Crandon. He took the slashing blow from her weapon without flinching.

"Damn your rotten souls!" he cursed as the steel ripped into his flesh. "You'll both roast in hell!"

"Kill him!" Plaine murmured to the girl. His free hand ran over her body, caressing it, urging her to murder and battle in blood.

"Berry, Crandon," I whispered.

The first shot rang out from the circle of trees around the clearing! The woman staggered, spun around and pitched to the ground, blood pumping from a ragged hole in her back.

The natives stopped, terrified. Then they began to run.

But it was useless. The constabulary had taken up positions all around the clearing, and other shots rang out—volleys—all carefully aimed to miss Crandon and me!

It was all over in a few moments—almost all, that is. The natives had no heart to face police bullets. Those who were alive and unhurt threw up their hands in surrender.

Harry Plaine alone tried to make a break for it. A rifle bullet in the thigh brought him down.

Crandon and I were patched up by the native police—as best they could do the job under the circumstances. The crocodile worshippers were rounded up and taken back to Ogbomosho by truck. From there they were transferred to Lagos.

The case—which is a classic in Nigerian legal annals—was built up there from testimony taken from the natives, together with evidence found at Plaine's place.

Harry Plaine had been personally responsible for at least eleven of the "crocodile" killings! More than a score of others had been committed by the blacks who "worshipped" the evil god he had created. He'd killed his wife for the reasons I'd already surmised.

British justice is swift—even when it is administered in the far-flung outposts of empire.

As a white, Plaine was given a separate trial. The hearing lasted only two days—the sentence of the court was death by hanging.

Trials of the natives followed immediately. The native witch doctor and eight others were sentenced to death. Some 42 others were given long prison sentences.

Harry Plaine and the members of his cult were hanged for the crime of murder on the morning of December 9, 1957. Another ritual murder cult had been wiped out.

But it's not the end—I know Africa. Another outbreak of horror, perpetrated by some insane "were-animal" cult, is always a certainty in that dark land.

The only questions are—when and where will the primitive horror strike next?

"We came damned close to losing an arm apiece—to say nothing of our lives," Crandon reminisced recently. "I hope we'll be able to handle the next one a bit more peacefully—and safely . . ."

By God, I hope so too. It's not that I'm getting old—it's that I want to get much older! ●

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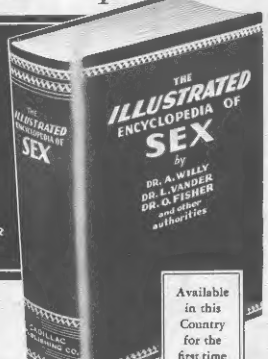

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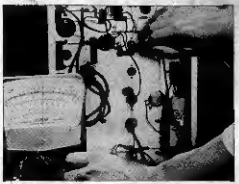

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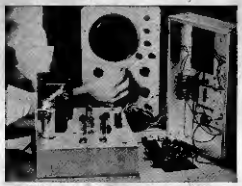

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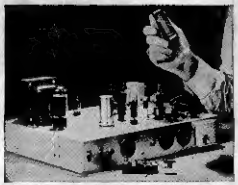

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